

# IN SUABIA-LAND WÜRTEMBERG

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# IN SUABIA-LAND

(WÜRTEMBERG)

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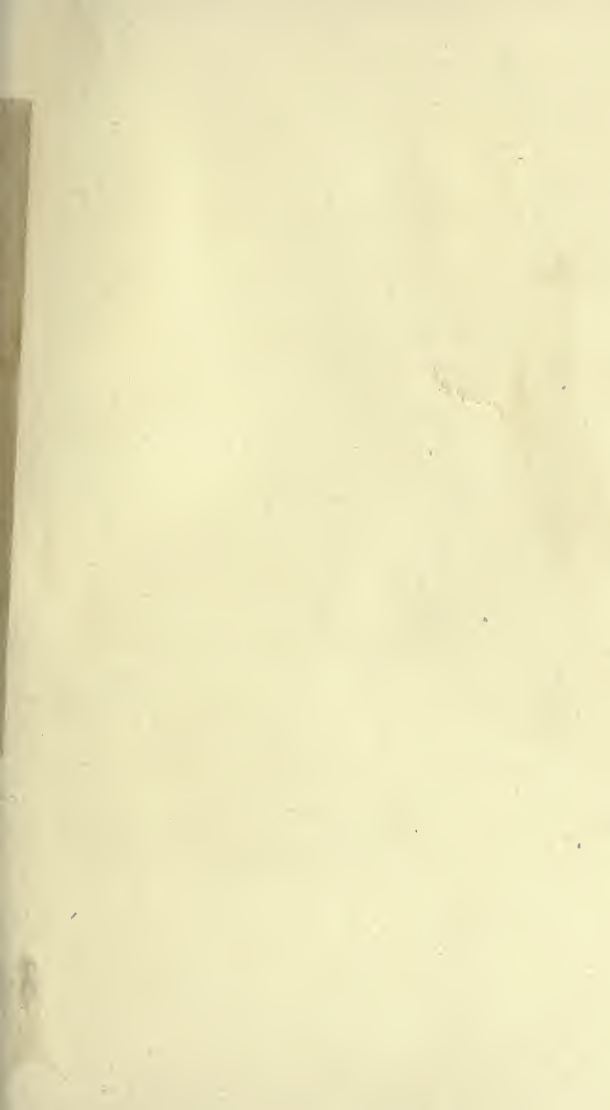
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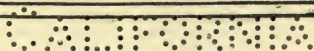


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# IN SUABIA-LAND

(WÜRTEMBERG)

An Appreciation



BY

LAURA MAXWELL

11



Plainfield, New Jersey  
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1905

Dear Fatherland, what blessing  
 What gift art thou denied?  
 Of thine exalted station  
 One hears on every side.

They say thou art an Eden,  
 Thou art a garden fair;  
 How can we better praise thee  
 Thou land beyond compare?

Thy men, are they not ever  
 Industrious, frank, upright?  
 In peaceful art instructed,  
 Yet bravest in a fight?

And are not all thy women  
 Domestic, pious, true?  
 With hearts where Weinsberg's legend  
 Still blossoms forth anew?

—From Uhland.

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"Suabia, though lost from the map, survives forever in history, poetry and romance."

—TILTON.

## CALIFORNIA IN SUABIA-LAND

### CHAPTER I

#### Geography and Early History

On the top of the Rothenberg, an eminence which rises from the bank of the Neckar near the centre of the realm, stood once in medieval times the castle of a Suabian Count, who exercised therein so generous and free a hospitality that the title, "Wirth-auf-dem-Berg" (Host on the Hill), was accorded him, and became in time that of his family and, later, of the kingdom. This popular tradition, now rejected by serious historians, easily wins acceptance with all sojourners in this beautiful, friendly region, so truly does it accord with the prevalent spirit of sincere hospitality yet pervading the land. Off from the great arteries of travel, unblazoned in guide-books by great natural wonders, or famous achievement, it is only to those travellers who seek out its many charms that Würtemberg reveals itself. The hurrying tourist sees from the

window of his railway carriage only the beautiful, spreading panorama of mountain and valley, or inspects the public collections of artistic treasures gathered in its largest city. A full appreciation can only come from tarrying among its people, sharing their simple delights, revelling in the great natural beauty of this land of forest and mountain, and discovering for oneself the hidden treasures of legend and art sequestered among the historic ruins of its ancient cloisters and castles.

Stuttgart, the capital, is delightfully situated on the Nesenbach, just above its juncture with the Neckar, 900 feet above the sea-level. The city is surrounded by picturesque, wooded hills, and laid out with much taste and beauty. Not attaining great importance until made capital of the Duchy in 1482, its history makes no part of the early traditions of the land. Its chief growth has been during the last two centuries, during which good architects of the later Renaissance have made of it an attractive city, with fine public buildings, pleasant homes and beautiful parks and suburbs. There are many interesting monuments and a good collection of ancient and modern art. There are also many present-day attractions in the way of music and literature—for Stuttgart is a great book-publishing centre—while it offers the many joys of a less strenuous life than can be lived in the more bustling cities of North Germany. Like all foreign capitals, however, it is more or less cosmopolitan in character, and, for a closer view

of family life and surviving national customs, a more thoroughly Suabian environment should be sought in one of the smaller towns, where ancient tradition and usages still prevail.

**Old Suabia.**—A popular ballad asserts that "Württemberg Germany's garden is and Esslingen its Paradise," and it was this latter, quaint old town, nine miles above Stuttgart, that received so kindly into its midst the American stranger who now writes this appreciation of Württemberg's charms and hospitality. To be the one *Amerikanisches Mädele* in a foreign town of 25,000 inhabitants is necessarily to occupy a position of some prominence in local gossip, and when the spirit of the place is kindly, a cordial interchange of curiosity can open up most delightful opportunities of acquaintance and information.

"Suabia" is no longer in the geography. The country so familiar in history and literature, and so rich in popular tradition, has no present-day entirety, but its domains belong in part to each of the three modern kingdoms, of Baden, Bavaria and Württemberg. This last contains, however, the kernel of the old Suabia, and, as on the seventeenth of March all Irishmen rank themselves with greatest pride as true "sons of Erin," so the fondest boast of the patriot of Württemberg is always, "I am a Schwab."

The old dialect, once the language of court and literature, is the preferred speech of the people, and the adjective "Schwäbisch" is of most universal and favorite application.

**Geography and Early History.**—The present kingdom of Württemberg, now a part of the great German Empire, is wedged in between the principalities of Baden and Bavaria, the beautiful Lake Constance, of which one-fifth belongs to Württemberg, making its southern boundary with Switzerland. Its area is 7,528 square miles. It rises in a successive series of hills and mountains, only one-fourth of the country being rated as level land. The result is an exceedingly picturesque region—full of natural beauty and bold scenic effects; a stepping-stone to the grander Alps just beyond. The valley of the Neckar and its tributaries forms the northern portion, a fertile lowland, with isolated, vine-clad hills. Between this and the valley of the Danube, which crosses the land in a northeasterly direction, rises the Suabian Alb, or Jura, a very striking range, making a sharply-defined, high wall of successive peaks from Hohenzollern across into the Bavarian border. Behind this are the pines and firs of the Black Forest, which constitutes the southern portion of the kingdom. The detached principality of Hohenzollern, which belongs to Prussia, lies in central-south-east.

Württemberg stands third among the German states as regards area, and fourth as regards population. This latter is chiefly agricultural, the farms ranging from two and a-half to twenty-five acres, but thirty per cent. of the land is forest, which is, however, a source of revenue to the state. The chief crops are hay, oats, clover, barley and potatoes, and the small farms, which



are laid out in long and short strips rather than in irregular patches, as in America, give the effect of great rag carpets laid over valleys and across lower hills.

Württemberg's history is one of romance. Traditions hover over all its many hills and forests, affecting still the quiet life and thought of to-day. The kingdom, with its present boundaries, was only constituted in 1809. Its early history emerges gradually from that of the great German realm, and, later, from that of Suabia.

In the First Century before Christ it was the Kelts that held a roving possession of this Rhineland, and of this people we have but scanty knowledge. That they were not wholly rude barbarians, ignorant of all the arts of civilization, can be proved by the beautiful treasures found in what are called the *Heiden Graben* (heathen graves) scattered all over Suabia. Some of these must be dated back three thousand years, and from the numerous great hills erected over the chieftain's graves, as well as from the lesser mounds of their more humble followers, have been taken many interesting and beautiful articles of household art and utility. Gold, bronze, silver, iron, utensils for domestic use, or articles of personal adornment, richly decorated and finely wrought, which in these past ages played their part in the daily Keltic life, are now to be seen in the Stuttgart Museum. Some of these bear mark of the Fifth Century before Christ and are of Grecian manufacture, "intimating," says a writer, "an exchange of greetings between the

land and time of Sophocles and Plato and this remote, unclassical country." The traces of this Keltic domination are still to be seen in the remains of sacrificial altars and in the many vestiges of elaborate roads and walls, while the ruins of more than one hundred of their strongholds remain in Württemberg to this day.

**The Roman Conquest.**—The Roman Conquest followed, and of that, too, we find lasting memorials, the stones of which are left *in situ*, while the movable treasures now enrich the town and city museums. Against the constant incursions and attacks of the savage tribes the southern conquerors were compelled to erect barriers, and the great extent and strength of some of these fortifications, revealing, as they do, an almost superhuman energy, and labor, have gained for their remains the name of "Devil's walls." Highroads, for the transportation of the vast armies and colonies brought to conquer and garrison the land, were built, and Cannstatt on the Neckar was thus anciently connected with Baden-Baden and Strasbourg.

The fortress was a necessity and around it grew up villages which, in some cases, grew later to cities, populated by soldiers' families, artisans, merchants and peasants. Near the high roads would be built occasional villas, the summer resorts of the Italian nobles or Rome's recompense to her successful generals. Recent excavations have revealed mosaics, frescoes, statues, vases and other artistic treasures, the decorations of these Roman pleasure-houses. As many as five hun-



dred of these Roman remains have been found in Würtemberg, all in the Neckar Valley or on the Alb, for great territories of the land remained in thick forest absolutely uninhabited.

Only one of the ancient cities, Rottenburg on the Neckar, can today show traces of this period of occupation. Here are the foundations of the castles on either bank; the Aqueduct, Temple, Theatre and public and private buildings can be plainly traced. With the Romans came their gods, and altars to Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Diana stood on spots long since reconsecrated by pious hearts to the worship of the God of Luther. The Roman domination lasted but two centuries north of the Danube, leaving, however, lasting traces upon the after development of the country, even though the civilizing influences of the Southland were followed by a barbaric inundation from the North.

In 213 the Alamanni, or Suevi, appeared first offensively on the boundaries of the Roman realm. They were beaten back by Emperor Caracalla, but in 270 had gained possession of this northern portion, and Rome not only withdrew, but trembled. Centuries of strife among the wandering tribes, Alamannic, Burgundian and Frankish, followed. Through the missionary zeal of the latter Christianity was introduced and St. Michael and St. Martin succeeded Thor and Odin as tutelary deities.

**The Cloister and Charlemagne.**—Monks and traveling preachers carried the new Gospel through the land, and in the Eighth Century ap-

peared the cloister. Founded by monastic zeal, or kingly vow, these became, during the troublous times which followed, alike the refuge of the unprotected and the retreat of the disabled warriors; and, during succeeding centuries, they wielded great power in the land. Under Count Eberhard im Bart there were nine hundred in Würtemberg and, later, fully one-third of that realm was in their possession, the fruitful cause of many of the kingdoms' woes.

The oldest cloister is that of Ellwagen, founded in 755 by Bishop Erlulf. Others followed fast and were richly endowed. Würtemberg now acquired its native saints, the holy Meurad and Regiswindis, whose traditional history and miracles can be traced in memorials and relics in the churches.

In the Eighth Century the land was divided into provinces, the ruler or count of which was appointed by the King. Now first appears the mention of a province of Würtemberg, the beginning of the present kingdom. Suabia was but a small portion of the extensive realm of Charlemagne (d. 814), and did not play any prominent part therein. During the reign of that great organizer the land was brought under comparatively close supervision, and many changes in national customs gradually took place. We now see the beginning of the manor house. A Würtemberg historian says that in the Suabian common law of this period it was declared that a man might, without having to ask special permission of the realm, build a residence surrounded by a

wall so high that one sitting upon a horse could reach the top with his hand, but without turrets or breastwork. Most of the land belonged to the King, and the rest to the nobles and the church, for Charlemagne was a strong upholder of papal power and gave rich benefices, establishing, also, classical schools for the education of priests. All unclaimed land belonged to the realm, as well as all the rivers and highways, and any bestowal must be by a royal brief. As a result, the mass of the population was dependent upon the manor lords for the soil to cultivate, and paid for it in crops and personal service.

Thus the necessities of existence brought about the feudal system, with all its evils. In time relief came through the introduction of cavalry into the army and the consequent opening up of independent careers through the gate of knighthood, won by personal valor and hardihood; also by the rise of other than a land aristocracy. Agriculture began to flourish, the example being set in the kingly domains, where were instituted sample agricultural stations. The first vineyard was planted near Heilbronn in 766—the precursor of those which now cover the rising, fertile ground of the valley of the Rhine, and flax, peas, beans, lentils and dyestuffs were cultivated. Charlemagne's agricultural list included seventy-three different kinds of garden products and sixteen varieties of trees. Trades sprang up and German native art had its beginning.

In 814 Charlemagne died, and in 843 his great realm was divided into three independent por-

tions, all the people of German tongue being united under the sceptre of Louis the German, grandson of Charlemagne, whose principal palace was at Ulm, on the Danube. Louis has been called the Father of his Country, for he laid the groundwork of German nationality. Karl the Fat succeeded to the throne and was crowned king at Rome by the Pope in 881, but, seven years later, death alone saved him from enforced abdication in favor of his nephew, Arnulf von Kärnten, who later was crowned Roman Emperor. The Carlovingian race ended with this latter's son, Louis, who, was made king at six years of age, and dying at eighteen, is known in history as Louis the Child. Rivalry among the ducal houses for the succession followed, and strife and contention prevailed; civil strife among themselves and desperate fighting with the Magyars, who descended in hordes upon the land.

**The Magyars: Emp. Henry IV.**—In 917 the prize of the German lordship, under Henry of Saxony, fell to Burkhard, one of the Suabian Dukes, and his descendants ruled until 1080. On St. Lawrence's day, the tenth of August, 955, was fought the famous and decisive battle against the invading Magyars, when those hosts were put to confusion by the German and Frankish armies. Before the battle the Christian army had made a solemn appeal to their God for help, the King vowing that, if Christ would give them the victory over their enemy, he would build a bishopric for St. Lawrence in the city of Merseburg. Of one hundred thousand Hungarians only seven

escaped. Joy over the deliverance was widespread and universal, for Christendom had been in imminent peril.

Rudolf was the last of this line of royal Dukes. During his reign (1057-1080) arose the great historic contest between the Emperor and the Pope, which for a long time to come desolated the whole of civilized Europe. Gregory VII. was in the Papal chair; Henry was Emperor, and the ambition of the former was met by the opposition of the latter. The Pope availed himself of all the weapons of his spiritual office, and the land was put under the ban of the Holy Church. Henry crossed the Alps and made his historic penance, standing three days in penitent's garb in the court of the Castle of Canossa, and the ban was withdrawn, but Rudolf of Suabia, —called by the Pope "the holy Peter's most beloved Son"—was made Emperor by the Papal party (1079). Henry, at news of this, hastened back over the Alps and his troops overran the valley of the Neckar, which suffered all the horrors of strife and devastation during the long years of civil war that ensued. Gregory again excommunicated Henry and his supporters, who, in turn, called together a synod at Mainz, and declared a new Pope, Clement III., who now issued his papal ban against Rudolf. In the battle of Hohen Molsen (October 15, 1080), Rudolf was slain. He was frightfully mangled, his right hand being severed from his body, which was popularly recognized in those times as a proof that the judgment of God had come upon



him, for had he not with that very right hand falsely sworn allegiance to the Emperor, whose throne he had later usurped?

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## CHAPTER II

### The House of Hohenstauffen

"Think on that mountain rising high and slim,  
The fairest peak of all the Suabian hills,  
And boldly bearing on its royal head  
The Hohenstauffens' old ancestral house.  
And far around, in mellow sunshine spread,  
Green, winding valley of a fruitful land  
Sparkling with streams and herd-supporting meadows—  
With wooded hills that woo the hunt and sound  
Of convent vespers from the nearer dells."

—Uhland.

This is the most glorious period of Suabian history, that of the domination of the House of Hohenstauffen. The ruins of their old castle, crowning its isolated mountain-top, can be seen far and wide from the lowlands of the Neckar, a visible reminder of those romantic days of legend and chivalry when personal power and manly worth dominated both Nature and people. The Emperors of this race ruled with excessive brilliancy and ability, and even to-day hold the most popular place in German tradition, as in their lifetime they did in the hearts of their subjects. Of the progenitor of the line nothing is known; he was one of the many small counts of the land, and his descendants derived their family name from that of the high hill on which he perched his family fortress.

Frederick von Hohenstauffen was a trusted

companion as well as a son-in-law of Henry IV., and in 1079 the Emperor created him Duke of Suabia, although it was thirty years before this claim was fully established. Henry died in 1106 and Frederick the year previous. When Henry V. left his German domains for Italy to obtain his investiture, it was to Conrad and Frederick von Hohenstauffen, his own nephews, that he left the difficult task of maintaining the imperial power at home. The Fifty-year War between Pope and Emperor was ended in 1122, and in 1125 Henry V. died, leaving his nephew, Frederick, his understood successor. The choice of the Princes, however, was Lothair of Saxony, and the feuds of succession recommenced. In these wars is said to be found the origin of those designations Guelph and Ghibbeline, which have become world-famous through their influence on Italian and universal history. Duke Welf, whose family claims on the Lombard estates of the Countess Matilda gave rise to the Italian invasion and conquest, fought for the position of German Emperor against Conrad and Frederick von Hohenstauffen. His battle cry was, *Hie Welf!* and that of his rivals was *Hie Waiblingen!* their former family name. These in Italian became later Guelf and Ghibbeline.

At Lothair's death, which occurred in 1137, Conrad was chosen head of the kingdom, but not until 1143 was the strife over the succession ended. To these times belongs the incident famous in song of "The True Wives of Weinsberg." At the surrender of the fortress of

Weinsberg, Emperor Conrad, the victor, generously granted to the women-prisoners permission to leave the place and to take with them as much as they could carry on their shoulders.

“Well, then, in Weinsberg be it told  
I grant a woman’s prayer;  
Let all the women, young and old,  
Go forth with all their arms can hold  
And all their backs can bear.

“Although the town was given to sack,  
Yet, with a throbbing breast,  
Each woman bore upon her back,  
Or in her arms, through smoke and wrack,  
The man she loved the best.

“The Kaiser, though by craft beguiled,  
Was not to vengeance stirred,  
And watched the train as it defiled,  
Nor stopped it, saying as he smiled,  
‘A Kaiser keeps his word.’”\*

**Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.**—In 1146 Bernard of Clairvaux preached the Second Crusade in Speyer, and Conrad put on the Crusader’s mantle, and, with his young nephew, Frederick Barbarossa — the famous Redbeard — and an army of seventy thousand knights, started for Palestine. Many misfortunes befel and it was a reduced and disheartened company that returned the following year only to find civil strife again enkindled in Germany.

In 1152 Conrad died, and Frederick Barbarossa began his eventful reign. The history of this Suabian House now becomes general history, for the exploits of these Hohenstauffen Emperors were of world-wide significance, and it is a universal interest that is felt in the traditional

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\*Theodore Tilton, in *Suabian Stories*.



awakening of the sleeping Redbeard, when the fullness of time calls for a renewal of his earthly warfare. Far happier might have been the personal fate of these brilliant Emperors could they have curbed their ambitions and resisted the lure of Italian conquest and interference, which led so soon to their race extinction. Great was their prowess and skilful their marital diplomacy, but the fatal triumphs across the Alps led quickly to battle, murder and sudden death.

Frederick Barbarossa was one of the most enlightened and powerful rulers who ever swayed an imperial sceptre. High on a lance before the door of his tent hung his shield, a sign that he was ready upon summons to redress all wrongs. Six times he crossed the Alps at the head of an army, striking terror into Rome itself, making and deposing Popes, violating the sanctuary of St. Peter, and driving all enemies before him. He has been called the first free-thinker of modern times, having declared that, as he had been this far the anvil, he now meant to be the hammer of the church. In his German dominions there was but little peace, the House of Welf offering continual combat. Only in 1184 could a great Festival of Peace be celebrated in Mainz. On Whitsuntide of that year almost the whole knighthood of the West gathered around the Emperor, who entertained the large company during three days. Encamped on the river bank, the spectacle of glittering armor and high-born dames, of the tournaments and joyous feasting, must have been most dazzling to a beholder.

During the festival the Emperor's two young sons received their spurs of knighthood.

A time of true peace followed, broken by the news, which fell like a thunder bolt, that Jerusalem had been captured by the Turks. Pope Gregory VIII. called all Christendom to the rescue, and Emperor Frederick responded with a large army. As usual, misfortune and sufferings were their lot. Hostile Greeks, and, worse still, famine and disease—foes which no bravery could subdue—fell upon them. Through Emperor Frederick's valor, however, Iconium was taken, and the army was proceeding, when sudden death bereaved the hosts of their beloved leader. A plunge on horseback in a cold stream killed him, and the sorrowing army left his body behind in Antioch.

**Succeeding Emperors.**—Two sons succeeded, Henry VI., who married the heiress of Sicily and added Southern Italy and Sicily to his dominions, and Philip. The history of the latter is very dramatic. Educated as a priest and made Bishop of Würzburg, he was called by his brother, Henry VI., to re-enter the world and assume the duties of Duke of Suabia. Soon succeeding his brother as Emperor, he was suddenly murdered in 1208. His wife, the beautiful Irene, was she of whom Walter von der Vogelweide sang in sweetest tones as the "Rose without a Thorn." Examples they were of true domestic happiness and high-born refinement.

Great was the lamentation when this beloved ruler was so cruelly slain. One of his monkish

companions, according to Belschner, laments him thus: "How like a shining star art thou fallen from Heaven, thou jewel among kings! The sun has gone down and it is night." Queen Irene died two months later of a broken heart.

Frederick II., son of Henry VI., was again a World-Emperor, being one of the most remarkable figures of the Middle Ages in his character of Emperor, knight, scholar and philosopher; the greatest ruler between Charlemagne and Napoleon. Master of the six languages of his realm, he was also famous as a minnesinger, excelled in all knightly exercises and prowess, and wrote besides elaborate treatises on natural history and philosophy. Educated in Sicily, where he held a court renowned for chivalry and culture, he was above the simpler standard of Germany, and the history of his deeds and life do not properly belong to Würtemberg, except for this kingdom's pride in this imperial scion of their Suabian House. Most of his life was spent in Italy, while his son, Conrad, assumed the duties and responsibilities of the Suabian realm. Because of the bitter enmity between the Pope and the Emperor, all the dominions of the latter were put under the Papal ban, and Germany lost both faith and religion during the struggle.

Frederick died in 1250, and his son, Conrad, went into Italy to acquire his inheritance there, but died in 1254, leaving his young son, Conradin, and youngest brother, Manfred, the last of the Hohenstauffen race. Manfred was crowned King of Sicily, where he held a court renowned for its

culture and chivalry, until, in 1265, he met a hero's death in battle against his foe, Charles of Anjou, who incarcerated Manfred's sons for life. The character of Charles was vindictive. A writer says: "Manfred was cruel also, but on the tomb of the Suabian hero the tears of generations have fallen. Friendship was the jewel of the Hohenstauffen kings."

This left Conradin alone in the struggle, and right manfully did the noble youth play his part. Forced on the defensive at the tender age of ten, at seventeen he crossed the Alps at the head of an army, made a triumphal entrance into Rome, and forced Charles of Anjou to a battle. Defeated by a cunning stratagem, he was taken prisoner, basely betrayed and beheaded at Naples, 1268. With him the Royal House of Hohenstauffen became extinct.

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## CHAPTER III

### The House of Würtemberg

"Then take ye heed, aha! take heed  
Ye knaves both North and South.  
For many a man both bold in deed  
And wise in peace the land to lead,  
Old Suabia has brought forth!"

—Schiller.

The downfall of the Hohenstauffens plunged southern Germany into a sad period of rulerless civil strife, doing which the House of Würtemberg steadily increased in power, riches and domain. Its early history is all uncertain. An

inscription on one of the stones which formed a part of the old Castle chapel on the Rothenberg, shows that that part of the ancestral building was consecrated in 1083, and hereafter we find occasional mention in the chronicle of certain Counts of Würtemberg playing parts in the troublous history of those times. Clever statesmanship, personal courage, thrift and ambition seem to have been conspicuous family virtues, with the result that, in 1240, we find Count Ulrich with the Thumb already a power in the land.

Eberhard the Noble (1265-1325) was no friend of the people, and the cities waged long and constant strife against his masterful demands, but at his death he left a largely increased family domain. This Count had for his motto: "A friend of God, but enemy to all the world."

Count Eberhard II. (1344-1392) ruled in trying times. Beside constant civil warfare, he had to contend with the disastrous earthquake of 1348, and in the next year appeared the black plague in all its virulence, carrying off great numbers of the inhabitants. In the search for a cause for this pestilence arose the merciless persecutions of the Jews, who were accused of having poisoned the springs, and thousands of this outlawed race were seized and burnt in the Würtemberg cities. Another disturbing element was the fanatical army of Flagellants, which streamed over the country, arousing the wildest emotions and leading to great disorders.

**The Suabian Alliance.**—During the unsettled



conditions of the realm, while popes and emperors were at strife, and princes fought for domination, another power was quietly developing, that of the free towns. From the days of the Romans until the Eleventh Century there had been no question of German communities, but thereafter this growth had been rapid, and as, by the nature of things, town rights must conflict with the prerogatives of the princes, feuds were engendered and a new and lively element introduced into the civil conflicts. The beginning of the Town Wars was in the year 1349, when many of the Suabian cities united in an alliance against some of the most hated of the Württemberg nobility. From this time on there was continuous strife, and in 1376 fourteen cities united to form the famous "Schwäbische Bund," by which the imperial free towns united in self-defense against the exactions of the nobles. These latter federated their forces, and the country was desolated by civil strife.

As many as forty-one cities joined the alliance, whose hopes were strengthened by the news of the victory of the Swiss over Leopold of Austria. It was a critical period for the liberties of Württemberg; either the towns or the nobility must be victorious and gain supremacy. The decisive battle was fought near Döffinger in 1388, and it was Count Eberhard II. whose personal efforts and prowess turned the tide of affairs and gained an overwhelming victory for his side over the Alliance, which for a time re-established princely authority.

Count Eberhard the Mild (1392-1417) succeeded; then Eberhard IV. (1417-1419). A regency under the Queen-mother, Henrietta, followed, but in 1441 the land was divided between the two sons of Eberhard IV.; one, Ludwig, making Urach his capital, the other, Ulrich, holding his court at Stuttgart.

**Eberhard im Bart.**—In 1457 began the reign of Eberhard V., known in history as Eberhard im Bart, who reunited the kingdom and became the first Duke of Würtemberg. This ruler was the most beloved of the Würtemberg princes, and around his person and reign gather hosts of homely and romantic traditions, since wrought into innumerable ballads sung and loved in all Suabian households. He is regarded as the George Washington of his country, who established it in the ways of peace and orderliness, and prepared land and people for the troublous times just ahead. Assuming rule at the age of fourteen, he made, nine years later, a voyage to Palestine, and at Jerusalem took the vows of knight-hood at the Holy Sepulchre.

Of this trip he is said to have brought home three mementoes, viz., his beard, which some traditions make grow to his feet; the palm tree, which he hereafter bore on his coat-of-arms, together with the motto *Attempto* (I dare); and the white thornbush he planted in a churchyard near Tübingen. His leading characteristics were, his piety, his true care for his people and for their education, and his self-sacrificing zeal for their benefit. His wife was Barbara Gonzaga of Man-

tua, a true and beloved helpmeet during all his reign. The most important features of his rule were the Münsiger Treaty, establishing the succession of the eldest of the ducal family to the throne; the founding of the University of Tübingen in 1479, and his exaltation to an esteemed and elevated place in the German realm. His valuation of the love of his people and his confidence in their loyalty are shown by the incident at his ducal coronation at Worms in 1495, told in Kerner's popular ballad, and given later in these pages. Their devotion to him may be gathered from the saying said to have been current among them: "If the Lord God was not our God then our Duke would be our God." "Small in person, great in heart, the ornament of his royal race," was also said of him. He died in Tübingen in 1496.

"He was the Duke whose narrow land  
So broadened underneath his hand,  
That, as his coronet passed down,  
It grew and brightened to a crown.  
Nor has there reigned in Suabia since  
A king so royal as this prince,  
Who, with so small a state,  
Made it so proud and great."

**Duke Ulrich.**—After three years of insignificant rule by Duke Eberhard II., followed the long reign of Duke Ulrich. These were stirring times everywhere, and many storms broke over Würtemberg. It was the century of the Reformation, and this independent, simple realm was from the beginning a stronghold of the new faith. Ulrich began his reign gloriously. In less than two years he had added more to his domain than



had any of his predecessors during the past one hundred years. Of winning personality, tall of stature, strong of limb, with blue eyes, curly blond hair and red beard, his was a fiery, unsubdued, wilful life until long wanderings and misfortunes brought wisdom, and the turn of affairs caused him to be regarded as the father of his people. In 1514 the war known as that of the "Arme Conrad" broke out. This was a brotherhood to which neither the wealthy nor the beggar were admitted, and sprung out of dissatisfaction over the increased taxes and oppression caused by Ulrich's extravagance and debts. The members wore a white cross on their mantle as a distinguishing sign and rose in open revolt. At Remsthal a company of the rioters seized the new weights—for Ulrich had put a tax on bread, flesh and wine—and, throwing them in the Rems, shouted: "If the peasants are right, sink to the bottom; if the Duke is right, swim on top!" Naturally the iron sank and depredations followed. The result was the Tübingen Treaty, which has been called the Würtemberg Magna Charta, for it obtained for the people many privileges in return for the payment of the Duke's debts.

Ulrich had married Sabina of Bavaria, but detested her, and his evil conduct in this regard brought about a decision from the Council of the realm that he must leave the country for six years, which was later amended by permission to remain, but to reign only under an appointed regency. An assault on the town of Reutlingen aroused the ire of the Suabian Alliance, which

assembled a great force at Ulm, and marched against the Duke, who in less than ten weeks lost his entire land. Circumstances offered him a second chance, but he listened to evil counsel, again oppressed the people, and was again expelled.

In 1520 the Emperor of Austria seized Würtemberg in payment of the 220,000 gulden war debt and added it to the domains of the House of Austria, under whose rule it remained until 1534. During these years Ulrich was a homeless wanderer, hidden away in caves or sojourning with foreign princes. This is the period which Hauff's novel, *Lichtenstein*, has so vividly portrayed. In 1524 the formidable "Peasants War" broke out, the result of a demand for greater religious freedom. When that was denied them, a spirit of communism developed and great devastation of land and destruction of property, as well as life, followed. In the war the Duke was popularly known as "Bauer Utz."

**Duke Christoph and Later Dukes.**—Ulrich died in 1550, and his son, Duke Christoph (1550-1568) succeeded him. Separated from his mother, alienated from his father, Christoph had been brought up in the Austrian service. Emperor Karl, wishing to make Würtemberg a perpetual addition to his realm, endeavored to confine the young heir in a cloister, but, through the devoted services of his teacher, Michael Tifferny, his escape was accomplished and he found refuge in Bavaria until his accession. The state of the country at this period was pitiful, being encumbered with great debts and evil customs, and

there was little courage among the leaders. Christoph proved to be the right Duke. He supported the Reformation, established schools and fostered education, winning a warm place in the hearts of his subjects.

Of the Dukes which followed there need be little recorded. They were mainly insignificant, not knowing how to control the distress of the times, and in some cases greatly aggravating the troubles. The Thirty Year's War devastated the land, famine and pestilence were its companions, and the population was reduced in a few years from 340,000 to 48,000 souls.

The most sorrowful point in Würtemberg's history was, however, reached during the reign of Duke Eberhard Ludwig (1677-1733) whose mistress, the Countess von Grävenitz, and her family, plunged the realm into an era of shame and extravagance. Under his successor, Duke Karl Alexander, the hated Jew, Suss Oppenheimer, wrought great financial ruin, so exasperating the people that, in 1738, he was hanged in Stuttgart in an iron cage suspended from a high gallows. These Dukes were all great castle builders. They lived luxuriously, so that the Court of Würtemberg was the most sumptuous in Europe. Most of the beautiful pleasure-houses, theatres, parks and public buildings we now see were of their creation.

Duke Karl (1737-1793) established the Military Academy of Karlsruhe, and in the latter part of his reign greatly fostered the growth of public education and stimulated commerce and art.

He died in 1793, and, after the short reigns of his two brothers, his nephew, Duke Frederick II., soon to be King Frederick I., began his rule.

**King Frederick I.**—Says an historian: "With great strides had history gone forward in this last decade, and with it on its irresistible march had carried little Würtemberg." Duke Frederick tried hard to remain neutral when war between Austria and France broke out, but Napoleon appeared himself in Ludwigsburg, and declared concisely: "It must be with or against me." An alliance was concluded. Early in 1806 General Morois, Napoleon's adjutant, announced in Stuttgart the Peace of Preszburg, and the elevation of Würtemberg to the rank of a kingdom. Its soldiers had gained fame, decorations and high position, through their great bravery and "Schwabenstreiche" in the war, but there was discontent and bitterness of heart over their position in arms against their brother people.

In 1809 Würtemberg was increased to its present dimensions by Napoleon, and had then a population of 1,400,000. In 1813 the battle of Leipzig brought the French Alliance to an end, and Würtemberg made a "Holy Alliance" with Austria and Russia in the cause of German freedom.

**King William I.**—King Frederick I. died the year after the battle of Waterloo (1815), and was succeeded by William I. (1816-1864), whose long reign was a time of peace and prosperity. A new constitution was established, the law of succession fixed, and rights of conscience, equality of

legal rights and freedom of the press were granted. He was accorded the title of "The Just," and his memory is greatly treasured by his country. His will contained the following sentences: "I have always lived for the Unity, Independence and Glory of Germany; above all of my beloved Würtemberg. Hail to my Fatherland for all future time!" His two wives, Katherine of Russia and Pauline of Würtemberg, did much to relieve the poor of the kingdom, and many hospitals, schools and other charitable institutions owe their endowment to these queens.

**King Karl and William II.**—The succeeding reign of his brother, King Karl (1864-1891), was likewise good and happy. He mounted the throne with the declaration: "While I hold the reins of government, I trust, above all, in the help of God who will give me strength to consecrate my life to the welfare of the country." His queen, Olga of Russia, also busied herself with charities and endeared herself greatly to the people. During these reigns the commerce and industries of the realm greatly increased and schools and institutions for higher and for industrial education have been firmly and universally established. Since January, 1871, when King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany at Versailles, Würtemberg has been part of his realm.

King Karl was succeeded in October, 1891, by King William II., the present ruler of Würtemberg; he was born in 1848 in Stuttgart. His first consort was Princess Marie of Waldeck



Piedmont, and his second is Princess Charlotte of Schaumberg Lippe. He is a friend of peace, a supporter of church and school, a promoter of art, agriculture, trade and commerce, and under him the kingdom is making rapid advance in industrial prosperity.

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## CHAPTER IV

### Household Ways and Social Customs

In the beautiful castle gardens in Stuttgart is a life-size marble group, by Paul Müller (1881), representing Count Eberhard im Bart asleep, with his head on the lap of a young peasant. The story, like that of King Alfred the Great and the griddle-cakes, is so well known and accepted as to be deemed historical. When Count Eberhard was created Duke, there sat at the festal board, in the Emperor's banqueting hall at Worms, many other German princes, who each in turn boasted of the superior riches of his respective kingdom. The Prince of Saxony claimed mountains full of precious silver; he of the Rhine boasted of golden harvests and rich mines; while Ludwig of Bavaria praised his rich cloisters and great cities.

"Eberhard, surnamed 'The Bearded,'  
Wurtemberg's beloved lord,  
Said, 'My land hath no great cities,  
In its hills no silver hoard.

"But it holds one hidden treasure,  
That, in deepest forest shade,  
On the lap of any subject,  
Fearless, I can lay my head.'

"Cried the listening Princes round him,  
Saxony, Bavaria, Rhine,  
'Bearded Count, thy land is richest,  
Where such precious jewels shine.'"

That this remains the land's most cherished tradition, and Kerner's simple ballad *Der Reichste Fürst* is still the toast song at all patriotic gatherings, speaks much for the continued simplicity and sincerity of Würtemberg ideals. A writer says that this tale "is the keynote, even to-day, of the relation between prince and people in Suabia." Universal is the affection felt for the royal household, whose characteristics, at least for the past century, have been simplicity and an earnest devotion to the welfare of their subjects. The court at Berlin has not the same personal interest for them; that is rather reserved for show occasions and remains remote from their daily lives and thoughts, while the plain, everyday going out and in among them of their own good king and queen fills their hearts with an honest satisfaction and quiet devotion. Prince Bismarck was a prime favorite, and many of the slippers and sofa cushion covers that went to him on his birthdays were the handiwork of devoted admirers among the Suabian dames.

**Agriculture and Living.**—Agriculture is the chief occupation in Würtemberg; its people labor hard with but scanty results. This may account for the universal simplicity of family and social life within its borders. A pious, sentimental *gemüthlich* folk, sincere and lovable in their daily incomings and outgoings, devoted to their God, their King and their hearths, they are industri-

ous, contented and passionately attached to their own beloved "Schwabenland." Possessing no large commercial cities like those of North Germany, the smaller towns still remain almost medieval in appearance and conditions, and there are, therefore, many refreshing experiences possible for those willing to forego for a time the more luxurious conveniences of modern inventions.

The general custom of living in small flats reduces the extent of the cities' area, and towns of considerable population remain cramped almost within ancient boundaries. This "flat"-life seems simpler and more coöperative than with us. While class divisions exist, based upon culture and vocation, there is a simple friendliness between all classes, and customs which have the authority of centuries regulate the courtesies of domestic and neighborly intercourse. A cause of some embarrassment to the stranger is the general absence of janitors. One needs to be most careful to inquire and note on just which floor one's friend lives, or be forced to apply at numerous doors of private apartments, with the consequent uncertainty of pleasant reception. As most of the rooms on each flat open into the one hall, with no private vestibule, the awkwardness of indiscriminate knocking is easily apparent. Each floor keeps its own hall and stairway clean, and each in turn assumes the care for a week of the front door and pavement. This is called the *Kehrwoche*, and frequently a framed bulletin, more or less ornate, often an effort of native



wit, is hung in the lower hall and designates each floor's responsibility.

Quite customary is it for the different occupants to share the daily paper, passing this on at a certain hour, either above or below as the arrangement may be. Life is simplified by the plainness of the furnishing of the average dwelling. The floors are generally bare with rugs, often of home manufacture, and the furniture is substantial but not excessive. The living-room, or parlor, contains always the sofa, which plays so important a part in social etiquette, some tables and straight-backed chairs, and generally a piano. Rockers are almost unknown. Dining-room and bed-room furniture are strictly to the purpose, and Americans would notice the absence of lace draperies at the windows. This simplicity means more leisure for the *Hausfrau*, and she is generally found well-read enough to be interesting, can always play a little on some instrument, and often sings or paints, while in summer she gives herself up to a genuine enjoyment of Nature and "the simple life," the whole family coöperating.

The flat kitchens are tiny affairs and the simplicity of the cooking is in keeping. Baking is seldom done at home, a coarse brown baker's bread—often thickly bestrewn with kümmel seeds—being the universal choice. The pies, puddings and cakes of America are unknown to German cookery. Pancakes, pot roasts, salads, soup and preserves are the staples of domestic economy and enjoyment. There are four meals a day.

Breakfast is early and consists of coffee, bread, butter and honey; dinner is at noon; vesperbrod at half-past three o'clock, and at half-past six comes supper, usually a cold meal.

The general wash-kitchen is frequently in the cellar, and here take place the activities of the various quarterly washdays of the different families. Fire is kept up all day on the brick hearth, over which is a built-in kettle. The clothes are boiled, washed three times with the hands (for the Yankee washboard is unknown), laid in water over night, then rinsed, blued, wrung out and hung up until the next day. As one *Waschfrau* could not get through with a three months' wash in one day, several are employed, and the chatter and clatter make this a lively occasion.

Many families do the ironing themselves, by degrees, and the mangle is a much-used domestic article. This quarterly substitute for our weekly washday necessitates an extensive wardrobe, and it is not only the acquisition of from three to six dozen of each article of underwear that must occupy the minds and hands of Fraus and Frauleins, but a room must be spared by each family in which the soiled garments are suspended until the day of their purification. This is known as the room of the *Schwarzewäsche*, and often several are grouped together in the attic. Under these circumstances underwear is apt to be plain and strong rather than dainty. Each town has its public fountains, with arrangements for the washing of clothes, and picturesque groups can often be seen dipping and rubbing in these public pools.

The transient visitor can be quite sure that the garments confided to the hotel *Waschfrau* take part in some such sociable immersion.

The "Kranz."—Most of the social life among Suabian women is in the form of what we call clubs, or reading circles, known there as the *Kranz*. The word means a wreath, and each member is supposed to be a bud in this particular garland! Generally formed during school days, it often exists until death or removal breaks up the circle. The most intelligent and active women often belong to several—to an English and a French *Kranz*, meeting once a week and reading English or French literature aloud, or to others where music, or art, or some kind of social diversion forms the program. I remember one of three old ladies, all over seventy-five, the survivals of the *Kranz* of their girlhood, who still met fortnightly, when infirmities and the weather did not interfere, to discuss current events. Think how many "mutations of time and mutations of thought" have come up for their consideration during this half-century!

The meetings are in the afternoon at the different homes in turn. Arriving at about half-past two o'clock, the "buds" arrange themselves, each with their sewing, around a large table already spread. One reads aloud, and, when it is time for the Vesper-meal, coffee is brought in with buns or cake, or, most frequently, a *Hafen Kranz*, a large loaf of plain baker's cake baked in a hollow mold, its top sprinkled with nuts and sugar; also some preserves or fruit. I have known an

orange to be divided into its eight or more natural divisions, and these put on a plate to be passed around to the guests. As oranges are a luxury and incomes small, this, surely, was an exquisite instance of simple hospitality. After the coffee, work and the book are resumed.

One striking characteristic of these meetings, to me, was, the apron, an article of the wardrobe highly valued among German women as combining utility and personal adornment. Most remarkable of construction were they! Many were made of black alpaca, embroidered or trimmed with lace and ribbons, not strong in the bib, nor valuable as regards size, but wondrous samples of needle work and artistic ingenuity. On summer days the *Kranz* will often make excursions and walk to pleasant spots in the environs, where it will encircle with its "buds" (always equipped with apron and fancy work), one of the out-of-door café tables sure to be found in every attractive spot, and there carry out the accustomed program.

**Suabian Hospitality.**—Besides the *Kranz*, the daily Vesper-meal gives opportunities for an easy hospitality. Privileged to be admitted into a much-esteemed family of high social position, though of reduced income, my welcome into the best society of the pleasant Suabian town was most hearty, and toward the close of my sojourn there, when personal acquaintance had been made and my ears were opened and my tongue somewhat loosed, every afternoon found me with an engagement *zum Kaffee*. The program differed

with the age and circumstances of the hostess. Never was it a gay revel, but a succession of pleasant glimpses into the simple, sincere, home-life, not without its dangers to the foreigner of mistakes in native etiquette, and possible consequent wounding of the sensibilities of one's hostess.

There is considerable traditionary etiquette in Suabian hospitality, and the recipient of so much courtesy naturally desires to show no less good breeding in return, if only aware of the proper form for it. The language gives them the first opportunity. From preference, among the older ladies at least, the Suabian dialect is used in all familiar conversation, and, when one to whom that is an unknown tongue joins the company, the others must, to quote their own words, "get up on stilts." Not so easy is it to manage the sofa and the first cup of coffee. The former is the seat of honor, but one must not be easily persuaded of one's worthiness for the distinction. Social precedence is well understood by the natives, and, after much pretended demur, the coveted seat is generally occupied by the right person, unless the interloping foreigner, wondering all the while why the most uncomfortable of all places, a high, haircloth sofa should be forced upon her, fails to notice the true importance of the matter, and lets herself—though the youngest in the room, and with never a "von" to her name, nor an ancestral coronet on her handkerchief—be too easily persuaded into usurpation of another's rights. The same courtesy must be gone over again with the first cup of coffee.



"While the napkin is coming, the soup becomes cold,  
While the bonnet is trimming, the face grows old,"

says the old ditty, and sometimes the first cup of coffee at a Württemberg Vesper-brod is far from steaming when finally appropriated.

A different, but no less real, predicament, is that caused by the custom of serving the preserves with small silver knives, or two-pronged forks, practice alone making this table-habit easy of performance, though the knife is not meant to be put to the mouth.

While the collation is never elaborate, there are dishes more or less familiar and pleasant to the foreign palate. The anticipation of sour-cream pie, for instance, is not always the joy it is supposed to be, and when one detests the taste of the kümmel seed and does not enjoy beer, the simple hospitality which offers beer, brown bread and radishes to the guest, is not without its discomfort, especially as the only token of appreciation accepted as satisfactory is that of a hearty appetite. To ask for a drink of cold water instead of the beer would be most impolite, and less than two pieces of sour-cream pie would pronounce the hostess's table to be a failure.

Here arises another dilemma for those of limited eating capacity. Etiquette for the hostess is to press upon the guest all the viands continually. Etiquette for the visitor is never to leave a morsel uneaten on the plate. Conversation is, therefore, somewhat hampered by the necessity of guarding one's plate from surreptitious, hospitable overloading. Of true and abundant hospitality



there is never any question; their best is always yours and is offered with a kindness of heart and charming sincerity of manner that must awaken a responsive pleasure.

The conversation interests; of unkind gossip there seems no hint, and the talk is guided into channels pleasant to the foreign visitor. Few have travelled widely, but all know well their own land and its historic traditions and landmarks. Of other countries ideas are necessarily more hazy, although, like the Yankee, all "want to know." In bidding farewell to me one dear old lady whispered: "Be good to the Indians," and there seemed a doubt in the mind of some whether my skin was dark enough for a real American.

The men have there *vereins*, or clubs, and seldom do the two sexes mingle socially in these quiet circles. Perhaps the small scale of the dwellings is responsible for this, and perhaps this fact increases the pleasure of the summer outing, when the families meet constantly at the open-air cafés found on every side. Men do not call on ladies unless their intentions are serious. Another custom, the reverse of ours—and consequently a trap for the foreigner—is that the men must speak first on the street.

Also, a stranger, when she comes into the town, must make first calls on the friends of her friends, or on those who pay her the compliment of inviting her to call; and these will at once return the visit. The people are very fond of music and there are many oratorio societies and sing-

ing classes. Bach's Passion music is given on Good Friday in the Stuttgart Stiftskirche. The theatres, too, are good and much frequented.

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## CHAPTER V

### Religion, Funerals and Weddings.

To an outside observer piety seems to be a prominent characteristic of Würtemberg. "*Grüss Gott*" is the familiar salutation heard constantly on the streets, and the airs of the old hymns float through the town several times daily. Family worship and grace said before and after meals are customary. The latter is most frequently said by the children, one of whom arises and reverently repeats the quaint form of thanks which has served for many generations. The kingdom is Protestant, and was a stronghold for the Reformation. This is no wonder, after such long abuse at the hands of unfriendly Popes, whose continued interdict accustomed the people to do without their spiritual guidance, and bred a sturdy opposition and independence that must need think and act for itself.

Under the constitution the King is the guardian and director of the Evangelical Church, and seventy per cent. of the population is Protestant. The almost universal custom of trombonists playing chorals from the top of a high tower three times a day must affect the daily thoughts of the population. Sometimes they play from a church tower; sometimes from one given up to the resi-

dence of the town fire-watchman, who walks around the four sides of the balcony outside his lofty abode every quarter of an hour during the night on the alert for fires, calling out, in some places, an old-time verse, in others merely the customary "all's well." In case of fire the bells are rung, and sometimes guns are fired from surrounding hills. At sunrise the trombonists come out and greet the day with several verses of a choral. This they do again at noon and at evening-time. Well do all the people in the town below know and love these old chorals, and on the streets and in the homes the pious words are softly hummed, and praise to God "for His goodness to the children of men" rises from many hearts. The effects on the stranger of this Christian muezzin call is distinctly religious and impressive.

**The Church.**—The Church, too, is intimately interwoven with the daily life of the people, not that so many services are held—Sunday morning attendance fulfills for most that duty—but all belong to the congregation, and all have personal relations with the staff of pastors who serve over the large parishes. These churches receive government support, and while there are few to a city, these are large and have a number of pastors in charge. The Herr Dekan holds the superior position; then the Herr Stadt Pfarrer, Herr Ober Hilfer, Herr Hilfer, and the Stadtvikar. In the country one man serves and, sometimes, he even has several contiguous charges. Pews are not owned, but all seats are free and all

classes mingle together. There is no liturgy; the service begins by singing a hymn, during which the preacher, in black gown, enters and the audience rises. After prayer and the reading of the Gospel, all sit down for the sermon. After this is recited the "*Vater Unser*" (Lord's Prayer), and during this the church bell is tolled, so that all kept at home may know and participate; a custom, this, especially dear to the sick and aged. Prospective marriages are then called and the couples prayed for. No collection is taken, but outside the church door is placed a box, in which all drop something, the contents going to some outside benevolence previously noticed from the pulpit. At the installation of a new pastor he must read his *Lebenlauf*, i. e., relate all the incidents of his past life, and tell all his family history and present circumstances; introduce himself and family, as it were, to his new parishioners. Sunday School is held in the afternoon in the parish house.

The observance of the Sabbath in Württemberg is quite different from that in the Roman Catholic kingdoms, yet is the day not kept as in England, for example. In the morning it is the general custom to attend church and frequently is the long sermon, with its old time divisions, reaching often to the seventhlies, gone over and discussed at the noonday meal.

After this the day is given over by most to general relaxation. The old ladies often take up their knitting, social visits are made and families unite for Vesperbrod. In pleasant weather ex-

cursions are made to the country, the parks, or the environs, where the café tables keep filled with happy, orderly crowds. In the country the men go to the village inn, where, seated at long bare tables, they sing choruses between their glasses of beer. All is quiet and decorous, and Sunday a much prized holiday.

**Funerals.**—Funerals have a most general observance. Owing to the small rooms, which can accommodate so few of the many who wish to pay their last respects to the dead, the main service is held at the churchyard, the friends meeting at the house and forming a procession, which follows the body on foot to the grave. Sometimes, after the coffin is committed to the grave, the concourse goes to the church for a sermon. During the whole time that the slow procession is walking from the house to the churchyard the church bell tolls, or chorals are played from the tower. During the dark and dreary days of winter, when deaths are most frequent, this incessant, slow tolling of the bell, telling its tale of the sad processional, is far from cheerful. One who is not accustomed to it is apt to resent so much demand on one's sympathies and the constant turning of one's thoughts into sorrowful channels. In the country, where ancient superstition longer prevails, there are many curious funeral customs.

**Weddings.**—Most interesting of all are the wedding customs, in which the national sentimentality can find fullest expression. An engagement is almost as binding as a marriage, and is seldom broken. Announcement cards are sent



out by the parents of the contracting parties, or the betrothal is formally published in the newspapers. From the moment of the engagement until the wedding ceremony is performed, the girl is a "bride" and almost delirious is the excitement and adoration she now excites among her friends.

There are many more girls than men in the towns, such numbers of the sterner sex being in the enlisted service of their country, and to be *verlobt* is a rare, and, accordingly, highly prized, circumstance, which entitles the favored one to unlimited congratulations and good-natured envy. The happy couple are expected to be conspicuously sentimental, and seldom are those expectations disappointed.

Next to being one's self a bride, the most desirable event in life in South Germany is to be invited to participate at a wedding. The invitations are never very general and the favored guests usually know long in advance of their prospective inclusion in the joyous party, and can thus widely inform their friends thereof, an essential preparatory for their own share in the pleasures of the hour. The ceremony is performed in church and generally in the late morning. Sometimes the procession rides, often it walks, a pretty picture in the narrow, quaint old streets, too customary to excite disturbance. The bride is not always in white dress, but wears, without fail, the long veil and orange blossoms, while bridesmaids are fondest of pink and blue. The guests wear their simple best, natural flowers often in



their hair, and carry stiff bouquets encircled with lace paper.

The service is no short affair; marriage is evidently too solemn an event to be so lightly accomplished. Several hymns are sung, prayer made, and a discourse, called the *Rede*, preached to, or at, the happy couple. The church presents a Bible as a wedding-gift, and all guests drop money into a box placed prominently on a chair in the aisle, the contents to be given to some benevolent object. The wedding dinner is generally eaten at a hotel or country inn, and is not formal.

Wedding presents have all been sent beforehand to the home of the bride; now it is the turn of her guests. During the morning their friends, long made aware of the anticipated occasion, have sent in to the hotel packages individually addressed. After the repast is over, the toasts drunken, the much decorated wedding cake cut and its ring acquired, the waiters bring these packages into the room in large baskets and distribute them according to the addresses, each guest's portion being called his or her *Strauschen*, or bouquet. These are now opened. Some contain handsome gifts, others only kindly jokes; most of them are simple tokens of friendship. Almost all are accompanied by original verses, which are read aloud and add much to the enjoyment of the company. Then may follow an entertainment gotten up by the bridesmaids and grooms-men, on whom falls the responsibility of this part of the festivity, and who have been for weeks

planning and rehearsing. This is often an original play based on some incidents in the career of one or the other of the bridal pair, or an allegory, of which the Germans are exceedingly fond. The guests remain long after the departure of the newly-wedded couple, now no longer "bride" and "groom," and the day's dissipation is usually concluded by a dance.

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## CHAPTER VI

### Holidays and Festivals

The unity of family life is a noticeable Suabian characteristic. The aged are treated with a reverence and attention that are very tender, and they in turn enter with hearty sympathy into the sports of the young. Grandfather and grandchild hop around to the strains of their beloved waltz in the parlors of country inns, or at summer resorts, absolutely unconscious of anything but their own enjoyment. Birthdays and anniversaries are pleasant events, celebrated by family reunions when the children recite original verse and act simple charades for the entertainment of their elders, while all unite in playing active games and dancing. During the day not only do relatives and friends bring presents, for which a table hung with garlands has been arranged, but acquaintances made a point of calling to offer congratulations.

**Christmas and Easter.**—Christmas is, of course, the great festival of the year. In Wür-

temberg it is preëminently a religious festival, celebrated, however, in the home. All the joy and the good things come from the "Christ-kind," and when the families gather under the lighted *Tannenbaum*, (fir tree), whose evergreen branches stretch over the *Putz*, and the Christmas gifts are laid below, they listen to the recital from some member of the household—preferably one of the children—of the story of Christ's birth in a manger and the joy of the shepherds over the angelic message. Then Christmas hymns are sung: "*O Du frohliche! O Du selige! Gnade bringt die Weihnachtszeit,*" or Luther's hymn, "*Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her,*" etc. In some simple country districts the Christ-child himself is sometimes represented, but generally, when fun and frolic call for a visible embodiment of the Christmas joy, it is "Prinz Ruprecht" who appears as the children's friend and benefactor. Cooking and baking have absorbed the previous days; a goose, if possible, graces the festal board, and little cakes, *Lebkuchen* and *Springerle*, are sent around to neighbors and given generously to children.

The Christmas festival embraces three days. The 25th of December is the *Weihnachtsfest*; the 26th its first, and the 27th its second, holiday. New Year's day has no special observance, but the sixth of January is the *Erscheinungsfest* (Epiphany), and mummers, dressed up as "Wise Men," go about singing and receiving gifts.

Easter, besides its religious significance and observances, is the festival of the hare, to whom is

attributed all the kindly and homely offices which bring joy to the children and their sympathizing elders. His ginger-bread counterfeit dominates in all the shop windows, and is likewise omnipresent in china, wool, metal and paper representations. On Easter morning children throng the parks and retired places, searching for the small packages of eggs and bon-bons which the kindly disposed may have hidden under bushes, or behind trees, in the name of the friendly hare. "Have you seen the rabbit anywhere?" greeted me from many an excited group as I came down a wooded hillside, after fulfilling my part of the surprise program, and when I said, truthfully, "Yes, up there it went," the rush upward was immediate. Even in lands of their adoption the Suabians observe this custom of the rabbit hunt.

**Other Holidays.**—There are many other holidays and religious and patriotic memorials. In summer these are given up to out-of-town excursions and jollifications. Especial occasions of family reunion are the *Kirchweihfests*, the annual celebrations of the anniversary of the consecration of the different churches. These are held on Sunday and are merry affairs, bringing together the scattered branches of families who return to honor the church-home of their childhood. The great national festival is the Cannstatt *Volksfest*, held on the 27th of September, King William I.'s birthday. Great crowds gather at this time, and games, races and various shows occupy several days. The different trades give representations and rival each other in the wit and display of

their productions. This *Volksfest* has its echoes wherever outside the Fatherland Suabians have made their home.

**Village Festivals.**—Each village of any consequence is entitled to hold a yearly fair, on a set date, and is then called a *Marktfleck*. One large enough to have a church with its own pastor is a *Pfarrdorf*, and the name of the village, and the two designations, *Marktfleck* and *Pfarrdorf*, with the number of the regiments recruited from it, are all on the local signboards. Larger towns have several fair days in the year, and at those times the streets are full of wooden booths, or tents, from which country people sell all manner of wares, made by themselves or procured on commission from the stores, and itinerant shows and fakirs amuse the crowds gathered for the *Jahrmarkt*. Each town and village, too, has its May festival, when sports, races and competitions for the schoolchildren are held on the common, and a procession and prize-giving are included in the program. These are pleasant occasions for the visiting stranger; so many peasant costumes and unusual sights and sounds can be seen and heard, and the jollity is so general and genuine as to be contagious.

**Costumes of the Peoples.**—The quaint, local costumes of former times are not often to be seen on the streets, except in certain districts. The average peasant woman wears a cotton frock and a three-cornered handkerchief, or nothing at all, on her head. In Betzingen a beautiful local costume can be seen. The men wear short jackets,



called *Wamms*, and long, tight trousers, or a coat with long tails, reaching nearly to the ground, over a bright red vest, buttoned by a close row of small silver buttons. Sometimes coat and trousers are black, but in summer the youths wear them of white, homespun linen and a small, round white cap is worn jauntily on the head. The women's caps are of peculiar shape, the rim generally of a fine purple and black check, and the inside of pleated black silk, with long black ribbons down the back. Young and old wear their hair in long braids. The skirts are black, short and full, edged with gold braid, black velvet, or bright colored ribbon. The bodice is laced with gold braid and a gay-colored, short, top jacket is worn over full white sleeves. Rows of beads and bands of black velvet ribbon are worn around the neck. Low shoes and open-work, white stockings complete the costume.

Another dress seen in the Black Forest has a very bright, colored apron over a short skirt, a waist with curiously shirred and stuffed sleeves, and a little black cap, decorated with gold embroidery and four long moiré ribbon streamers. Near Allerheiligen the costume is a full short plissé skirt, full white sleeves and short bodice, with real tatting lace pleated in the neck, and a large white straw hat decorated with three red rosettes.



## CHAPTER VII

## Some General Customs

One of the constant and entertaining diversions of Würtemberg to the visitor is the local newspaper. This is highly prized and universally read, and is a popular means of communicating every kind of personal item that one may desire to share with a sympathetic public. Hans inserts a naive notice of his betrothal to Gretchen. Frau Julie R., *Wittwe* (widow), and her five sorrowing children, publish under their signature an announcement, heavily framed in black lines, of the demise of their lamented husband and father, not sparing any particulars of his death and prospective burial, and often adding where and how his business, now interrupted, will in the future be carried on. Katrina cordially thanks her friends for sending her bouquets on some occasion, or helping her through a moving, etc. In villages without a daily newspaper there is the town crier, who daily breaks the monotony of the hours by his loud announcement, first ringing his big bell to secure an audience of any official or local news that has been given him to cry. Sometimes it is an enactment of the village fathers, sometimes a piece of news of national interest, again it may be a lost or found proclamation; while often it is an announcement that some one in the neighborhood has just killed a calf, portions of which are now for sale!

Education is well cared for in Würtemberg.

A school must be provided for every thirty families and attendance is compulsory. French and English are important parts of the curriculum, and the long list of Latin words brought home for commitment each night by a palefaced boy of nine aroused my constant sympathy. The children study hard and the hours seem long. There was an unnatural demureness about some of these children. A frequent sight in my daily walks was that of a long row of little girls standing with their backs to a wall knitting, while at the same time they were watching younger brothers and sisters at play around them.

**The Soldiers.**—Soldiers are not seen in great numbers; one grows familiar with the uniforms, but is not continually under the shadow of the army. In the spring, when examinations for service in the army and navy are held, the country is flooded with the young *Recruten*, who are privileged to go about for several weeks before the time in gangs and allowed to make all the noise they wish. These wander from tavern to tavern, generally by cross-cuts through woods and across hills, whistling or singing choruses, bright-colored paper rosettes and streamers floating from their hats. At first there seemed something riotous in the tramping throng, but more frequent contact revealed the rural awkwardness and homesickness behind the apparent bravado; while the songs, which a stranger might imagine to express only the bloodthirstiness of coming warfare, proved to be the ballads of Uhland, even one so tender and touching as "The Landlady's

Daughter." Hauff, in his novel of *Lichtenstein*, alludes to these choruses and quotes the following as one often heard on the banks of the Neckar:

"Scarcely thought  
To its end, lo! joy was brought!  
Yesterday on proud steeds hieing;  
Shot to-day the heart through; lying  
In to-morrow's chilling grave.

"But yet say,  
'All earth's transports, what are they?  
Pride ye on your beauty's blowing?  
Cheeks with milk and purple glowing?  
See, the roses wither all!

"Therefore still  
March I forth as God shall will.  
Hear I then the trumpets calling,  
Comes the moment of my falling,  
I will die a soldier brave."

The singers were young Suabians about to enter the service of their beloved Fatherland.

**Titles of Classes.**—Apart from the nobility there is a decided class distinction, its full intricacies presenting many difficulties to an outsider, who is appalled by the extreme importance of the etiquette of titles.

Mdme. de Stael says that all over Germany a wife insists upon taking the title of her husband with a feminine termination. Thus to the ordinary difficulties of the German language must be added, even in familiar conversation, the necessity of addressing one's new acquaintances as Frau Stadt Pfarrer A., Frau Ober Consistorial Rath B., etc. The substitution of *Gnadige Frau* (Gracious Lady), or *Hochgeborener Herr* (High Born Sir), is a way out of the serious difficulty that here besets the foreigner, but

one that does not come easy to a democratic American. This last mode of address has a positive, comparative and superlative form. *Wohlgeboren* will do for a merchant, *Hochgeborener* for one of the lesser nobility, and *Hochwohlgeborener* for one of the higher. This is the proper form of address in correspondence, and opens up a way for many astute flatteries from tradesmen, etc. The prefix "von" indicates aristocracy of birth, and those entitled to it may rightfully have a coronet embroidered on their handkerchiefs.

The seriousness of this question of titles was borne in upon me one day when, after a railway journey to find a certain official who could give me some important desired information, I was prevented from applying to him by my accompanying Fraulein, because she heard he had recently been promoted, but could not ascertain his proper present title. To insult him by the old one was impossible, and we journeyed home again without the desired information.

**Appearance of the Country.**—Country life in Würtemberg differs greatly from that in most other lands, owing, probably, to the fact that there are so few large country estates. The land is divided into many small farms or holdings, instead of being in the possession of large land owners, and dirty villages with communal farms are to be seen instead of large, well-kept estates and their dependent tenantry. Women do heavy work in the field, and there can but be dirt and discomfort in the homes when the mother must

spend her day in hard manual labor outside. The only refuge for the men is the village inn, never an attractive place from an æsthetic point of view, and one can understand the reason for Mdme. de Stael's commentary that "stories, beer and smoke of tobacco surround all the common people of Germany with a thick atmosphere which they are never inclined to escape."

The eye is struck by the absence of horses and cattle in the country landscape. Oxen are a frequent substitute for the former in the field service, and dogs pull many of the carts, while women carry heavy loads on their heads or push small handcarts. I once saw six small boys yoked together pulling a large hay wagon. The towns are too cramped to need carriages, and life too simple to afford them. Milkmen are all milkwomen, and their bright tin cans are carried in handcarts or pulled by dogs. The thousand hills are constantly around one in this rolling country, but no cattle can be seen on them. These are fed in their stalls on a mixed diet, not always to be surmised, supplemented by grass which the women gather and carry on their heads oftentimes a weary way. It would not be possible to turn cattle out in this fenceless land, where so much "richness" in the way of beets, beans and cabbages covers the soil.

Grass is at a premium and therefore few close-cut lawns are to be seen, thrifty owners preferring a small income from the renting of their several longer cuttings. This accounts for the usual untidiness, the roadside, churchyard and



all stray corners being left for the general glean-  
ing for the cattle. The result of this method is  
poor milk and butter, and much deprivation for  
the poor cattle, who never chew their cud in  
green meadows or wade in quiet waters. Howitt  
says, sympathetically: "And when she dies, too,  
miserable cow, she has not even the satisfaction  
of dying fat!" Geese are better treated; they can  
be kept in a small inclosure with only one goose-  
herd to lead them to and fro mornings and even-  
ings—and goose livers are favorite delicacies.

**Farms and Fruit.**—Farm implements, as well  
as the wagons, are exceedingly simple, and there  
has, apparently, been but little evolution in  
their form and construction, while the roads  
are generally bad. There seems to be a general  
regard for law. The regulation that after the  
twenty-third of April no one can walk over the  
meadows or grass lands, seems universally re-  
spected, and the unfenced, communal, vegetable  
gardens, which would seem to give such oppor-  
tunity for constant, if petty, dishonesty and  
thieving, do not prove occasions of much strife.

Fruit trees frequently are used as shade trees  
along the highways, and the fertile valley land is  
one great orchard—apple, pear and cherry—the  
very abundance being, doubtless, sufficient safe-  
guard for the fruit. There are many ingenious  
ways of combining fruit cultivation with garden  
decoration. Apricots and pears are trained up a  
sheltering wall, or cut down to straight sticks and  
placed like a dado around the house-walls. Ap-  
ple trees are sometimes cut down to make a low



hedge; the trunks, planted at measured distances, are divided into two branches at about a foot's height from the ground, and these branches are trained along a wire to right and left until each meets the next branch. In the towns there are few gardens; space does not permit; but the suburbs are bright with flowers around the little homes, and the larger garden of a manor house is sure to be a delight to any beholder. These houses are most charming to visit, the refinement of culture being added to the universal grace of a simple hospitality.

**Country Cafes.**—Instead of the few landed estates, with their stately homes and parks as in other lands, Württemberg's hills and dales lay open to the public and its people, and all visitors find during the out-of-door season most friendly welcome at the numerous cafés which fairly cover the land. Not a country inn but has its orchard and garden, the latter set with tables, and refreshment can be procured and is pleasantly served at most trifling cost. In many places there is a *Tanzboden*, or dancing platform, where families enjoy waltzing or play games with the children, but wherever the view is fine, or the trees exceptionally large, or any other possible natural attraction can make any point allure, there can be found some seats and tables, and beer or hot drinks, with cake, etc., can be procured at any hour. The very existence of the opportunity proves the demand and the Suabian love for Nature is constantly in evidence by the popularity of these country retreats.

The *Jäger*, or forester, is a prominent character in all the folk lore, as much so as the knight, for is he not the guardian of the forest and all its treasures? In present times he has lost much of the old-time mystery and popularity through closer contact and increase in numbers, but is still a picturesque figure in his green uniform with jaunty trimmings. All woods are open to the public, and the system of forestry does not interfere with their natural growth and beauty, while it increases the accessibility of their charms.

**The Vineyards.**—Undoubtedly the most striking feature in the great Rhine basin, seventy per cent. of which is in Württemberg, is the vineyard. Vine culture is said not to be profitable; if so the patience and endurance of the many toilers seem the more remarkable, for enormous labor is required before the red juice runs from the wine-press. The vineyards are mostly small and climb up the sunny slopes of the hills, many of them veritable hanging gardens, requiring sustaining walls and reached by flights of steep stone steps, up which all needed material and implements must be carried by hand, or on the head. In February, or March, the work begins, and men, looking from below like huge black beetles, can be seen bent over at work on the dry vine stocks. There is a disappointment in the appearance of "vineclad hills," for the result of so much cutting and pruning is that the soil shows more than the vines. "When," says Ugo Bassi—

"The grace of the green vine makes all the land  
Lovely in Spring time; . . .  
Till the fair shoots begin to wind and wave  
In the blue air."

the husbandman comes on

"With pruning hooks and shears,  
And strips it bare of all its innocent pride  
And wandering garlands, and cuts deep and sure."

Further south there are more artistic ways of training these vines, on hop poles or over arbors, but here they are simply planted at regular distances, kept short and thick, and treated only to bear grapes.

"The bleeding limbs are hardened into wood;  
The thinned-out branches ripen into fruit,  
More full and precious, to the purple prime."

At the time of the vintage there is general rejoicing. Owners of the several vineyards invite their friends, who at least make a pretence at helping cut off the grapes. There is much gaiety and merriment at these vintage festivals, and after dark the vineyard is often illuminated and fireworks are set off. *Most*, made from pears, is a drink used by many because of its cheapness. It is, however, very sour.

One of the most successful government enterprises has been the bringing of pure water from the Alp, supplying thus one hundred and nine communities. This is a great boon and water is found most useful for many purposes, but it cannot be expected to supplant beer and wine as the preferred drink of the German people.

## CHAPTER VIII

## The Neckar Valley

The time of all times for a visitor's sojourn in Würtemberg is in the spring, for then this land of orchard, meadow and forest is in its fullest glory. The Neckar Valley is all abloom; great masses of white covering the levels, framed by the bright green of the young beech leaves of the forests upon the heights. Below the trees the soft grass is purple with fragrant violets, blue with forget-me-nots and icylla, yellow with primroses and buttercups, white with anemones and daisies. The wisteria twines its lavender blossoms along the roadside; perrwinkle, wild hyacinths, pinks and hosts of other flowers are in bright bloom, while in the woods the delicate lilies of the valley grow profusely. Later come the gay poppies and cornflowers in the field. Never anywhere could there be more profusion or variety; not hidden away for those who know their haunts, but brightening every spot outside of the town walls, free to all who will gather and enjoy them; a May festival of flowers, called out by the bright spring sun from this fertile soil, to greet and beautify the world. No wonder everyone goes a-Maying; who could help it?

**The Rothenberg.**—A favorite excursion during blossom-time is up the Rothenberg, on the top of which formerly stood the ancestral castle of the Counts of Würtemberg, but now crowned by the Mausoleum of King William I. and his first Queen Katherine, a Russian princess.

"Aloft where the Suabian hilltops are serried,  
The Suabians carried their king to be buried.  
His tomb on the Rothenberg high  
Is capped by the clouds of the sky.

"Not first for himself did he fashion and build it,  
The bride of his youth was the tenant who filled it.  
Ere he in his age when he died  
Was carried and laid by her side.

"He built it for love, yet it blazons his glory,  
For all who behold it, or hear of the story,  
Give honor, as honor is due,  
To love and a lover so true."

The chapel is of Grecian architecture and within are the four Evangelists, by Dannecker. One cannot, however, linger long within the vault when without the beauty of the springtime is so alluring. Uhlbach, just below, is noted for its cherries, now in the stage to delight the eye rather than the palate, and the steep little hill-top is completely surrounded by a billowy white mass of blossoms.

My pilgrimage was made on May seventh, Ascension Day, and because we would not leave the dear old grandmother behind we went by carriage. The road is steep and narrow, mounting between stone walls, and on this holiday it was a stream of ascending and descending pilgrims. Our heavy cab, the only available vehicle, bumped heavily over the huge stones and completely filled the way, causing pedestrians to rush up the narrow stairways leading to the vineyards on either side, or to scramble up the straight stone walls. It was a fearful ascent, tempered by the beauty of the view and the amusing antics of the crowd.

**Esslingen.**—The old town of Esslingen, which



has played always an important part in Suabian history, is most beautiful of situation. It was one of the free imperial towns founded by Emperor Frederick II., and the lion of Hohenstauffen is still to be seen carved on one of the old gates of the city wall, portions of which are yet standing. Some interesting medieval buildings remain—the town hall and several churches, with high stone towers. The most beautiful of these is the Frauenkirche, erected 1406-1522, and recently restored, with a fine perforated spire.

Esslingen in 1900 had over 27,000 inhabitants, but its life seems exceedingly quiet and contracted in comparison with that of an American town of the same size. The streets are narrow, crooked and ill-paved; the buildings unpretentious and crowded. Scarcely a horse is to be seen, nor equipages or private carriages. There are no distances to cover; women, dogs and small boys push the carts and people walk. There are no large stores nor any window displays; only little shops, and dress and its manifold absorptions seem to play, consequently, a smaller part in the daily thought of the population, always soberly attired and paying more attention to comfort than to display. There is little walking on the streets. One seldom meets an acquaintance, and wonders how the people occupy themselves during the long months when the country outside is impracticable for excursions. An island in the Neckar is laid out as a promenade, but is never crowded.

Not far from the town is the royal domain of

Weil, where the King's studs are kept, and the royal cattle-farm and tree nurseries are to be seen, and annual races are held.

Charming excursions can be made to the many royal villas in the vicinity—to the Rosenstein, built in the Roman style, with colonnades, and filled with paintings; to the Wilhelma, erected by King William I. in the Moorish style and sumptuously fitted up with beautiful gardens; or to the Solitude, the first seat of the Karlschule, where a deer park and wheycure establishment are chief present attractions. Cannstatt, half way between Esslingen and Stuttgart, has good mineral springs, and is well provided with all the comforts and attractions of a popular health resort.

**Stuttgart, the Capital.**—Stuttgart is encircled with gardens and has much to interest the visitor. On the Schlossplatz are the New and the Old Palaces, the latter a most picturesque building, with round towers and arcades, and, in the court, is an equestrian statue of Count Eberhard im Bart. In the Schillerplatz near by is a fine figure of Schiller, by Thorwaldsen. Here, too, is the Stiftskirche, which contains a number of monuments and royal tombs. Of particular interest are the eleven stone figures of the Counts of Württemberg, dating from the close of the Sixteenth Century. Up in its church tower hangs "The silver bell of Stuttgart," accounted one of the most precious heir looms of the city. Each night during five hundred years, at nine and again at twelve o'clock, has it been rung with rapid,

clamorous stroke, not tolled. The bell ringer is paid from a perpetual fund, of which there is no account in the city's records. Popular legend has, therefore, established its version, according to which the silver bell rings to quiet the soul of the remorseful Ulrica, who, on the eve before Palm Sunday in 1347, secretly murdered her mother, about to become the bride of the girl's own lover. Distracted by regret she pined away, after having spent all her property in the purchase of this bell, and the perpetual fund which keeps it sounding through the centuries.

The collection of Würtemberg antiquities in the the royal Library contains articles found on the heathen tombs, besides many other curiosities of later date. The Museum of Art has an interesting collection of paintings and plaster casts. The city is admirably laid out and has a number of attractive parks and a beautiful country club—the Silberberg.

The hills above the city command most extensive views. An excursion by a little railway up the Hasenberg is well worth while, and the Jägerhaus and Uhlandshöhe, (where is shown the poet's lime tree) are both beautiful spots, where one can sit amid attractive surroundings and enjoy the wonderful panorama spread out beneath. From the Jägerhaus can be seen the entire chain of the Suabian Alb, with the peaks of Hohenstauffen, Rechborg, Hohenneuffen, the Achalm and Hohenzollern. Many charming places are within easy distance by rail from Stuttgart.

The palace at Ludwigsburg, with its park and

beautiful pleasure house, "Monrepos," well repays a visit. This was founded at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century by Duke Eberhard Ludwig, and has since been a favorite royal residence. The court resided here during the days of the infamous Countess of Grävenitz.

**Tubingen.**—A nearer excursion is to Tübingen, sixteen to twenty miles from Stuttgart, according to whatever guide-book you believe. This old town crowns a hill on the banks of the Neckar and the edge of the Black Forest, and has a truly beautiful natural environment. Its old portion is most quaint, with steep, narrow streets, but the quarter about the New University is handsome and pleasant. On a height above the city is the old ducal castle of Hohentübingen, an interesting building of the Renaissance period, built by Duke Ulrich in 1535. The exterior, with its beautiful portal and fine view from its bastion, are sufficient attractions, but the big cask and the torture chambers in the cellar will be found to be of paramount value in the mind of the custodian. The quaint old Stiftskirche contains some fine glass and interesting stone-carved monuments of some of Würtemberg's princes. The University, which has given fame to this quiet town, was founded in 1477 by Count Eberhard im Bart, "to the honor of God, for the encouragement, aid and strengthening of all Christendom, and the praise of the dukedom of Würtemberg; to acquire honor, and advantage, and in the good intention of opening up a well of life that from all the evils of the world consoling and healing

wisdom may perennially flow to the extinguishing of the destructive fires of human ignorance and superstition; for pure, chaste hearts well pleasing to God are attained in no other way so easily and quickly as through wise instruction."

The University was established with fourteen professorships, and in the first year had three hundred and seventy-five students. Among its earlier instructors were the famous humanist, Johann Reuchlin, and Melancthon. The fact that at that time one-half of the counselors of the realm at Stuttgart could neither read nor write, and that no school for higher education existed in Würtemberg, proves the need of the University's founding. Since then the faculties have been increased to seven, and in 1902 there were over fifteen thousand students in attendance. The founder and chief light of the advanced school of theological criticism, known as the Tübingen School, was Frederick Christian Baur, and its influence on the development of religious thought, though by many considered destructive, has been very great. The four hundredth anniversary of the University was celebrated with great pomp in August, 1877. This program included a historical play, depicting the leading features of the life of the University through the successive centuries, and a royal *Klostesfest*, given by the King as host to the students and faculties at beautiful Bebenhausen.

It was near Tübingen (Kirchentellinsfurt) that Count Eberhard planted the white thorn brought by him from the Holy Land. This grew



to be a tree under whose shadow, as sing the children of the Würtemberg schools, often sat the Duke in his old age dreaming of "the old times and the distant land." Unfortunately it has been destroyed by fire. Three miles from Tübingen is the ancient Cistercian Monastery of Bebenhausen, founded in 1185, a Gothic structure of exceeding beauty and interest. Restored by King Karl to its old-time state, it has since been used as a royal hunting seat, and is a favorite sojourning place for the court in summer.

**Lichtenstein Castle.**—A visit to the Castle of Lichtenstein is sure to be a delightful experience. It was my good fortune to be there on a Whitsunday, the day of the annual festival at the Nebelhöhle. To be on hand in good time for the fête we spent Whitsunday at Honau, a wee little village in the valley deep down below the castle cliffs, where we found good board and pleasant quarters with a villager, and were thus able to enjoy a glimpse of life in this remote hamlet. The Sunday sermon and its audience suggested vividly the descriptions of Freitag. The procession of village geese winding their independent way home through the village at nightfall was an amusing scene. In the morning a boy had collected and led the flock to an enclosed pasture watered by a wide, shallow brook; at evening all that was necessary was that the gates should be opened. Each goose joined in its own company and followed its captain, and each flock marched sedately, in goose file, to its own home barnyard. The procession was long, the geese large and loqua-

cious, and the effect correspondingly imposing. To reach Honau we had come to Reutlingen, a picturesque old town on the Echaz. As one of the free imperial towns of the Suabian Alliance it played an important part in the earlier history of the country, especially during the times of Duke Ulrich. From there we had driven in a *Beiwagon* to Honau. On Monday morning we found places in one of the many curious vehicles impressed into service to carry the country people to the fete,—a long affair, not unlike our hay wagons, but not provided with any such cushioning for the jolts.

The Nebelhöhle is a stalactite grotto of considerable dimensions, about three miles west of the castle, and has become famous through William Hauff's popular novel *Lichtenstein*. It was here that Duke Ulrich was concealed by his barons during the long months of his exile, coming each night to the castle for food and warmth. The countersign given when he reached the drawbridge was "*Der Mann ist da*" (the man is here). The castle of those times no longer exists, but Count William of Würtemberg has erected one on the same spot, which is exceedingly picturesque. Its situation is most impressive, a true eagle's nest built out on an isolated rock, which Schwab says "shoots up like a sunbeam," and is only accessible by a drawbridge. In front is a precipitous fall, and far below lies the green valley of Honau threaded by its two winding streams. Beyond is the Achalm and an extensive plain. When the

owner is not in residence visitors are admitted to the castle.

Crossing the moat and drawbridge, one enters a small courtyard, enclosed by servants' quarters, and farther on finds a small garden shaded by old lindens. A second drawbridge spans the chasm between the mountain and the rock on which the castle itself, built in medieval fashion, is perched. The interior is handsomely finished, the walls covered with frescoes of scenes in the life of Duke Ulrich as depicted by Hauff, and contains a collection of antiquities and armor. The view from the high tower is exceedingly beautiful.

The vicinity of Castle Lichtenstein has been made a literary shrine through the vivid descriptions in Hauff's novel of that name, and it is his characters whose memories here seem most real. He has given associations to every nook and described every locality. Fitting is it, therefore, that a statue of the author has been erected on a projecting rock outside the chateau, where he can thus visibly preside as tutelary genius over the place he has endowed with such popular immortality in the hearts of his admiring countrymen. On Whitsuntide, 1901, a dramatic representation, arranged by Rudolf Lorenz from Hauff's novel, was given in the festival hall at Honau, in sight of the castle, the players being from the surrounding country, and this is to be annually repeated. On each Whitmonday the Nebelhöhle is illuminated, two thousand small wax tapers being stuck in the soft chalk of the walls and ceiling, and the visitor is guided through the various

caverns so graphically described by the novelist. One sees the stalactite halls, the pillars, what is described as the Throne, and Ulrich's Cave at the farther end, and can listen to the echoes and feel the desolation that must have been borne in upon the lonely exile.

Up above, in the forest, the fête is held. Many come from far and near, some bringing their picnic dinner, others buying from the vendors, plentifully supplied with hot meat dumplings and other substantial viands. There was music and dancing, and the gay costumes of the peasants made a striking picture. Betzingen, a town much frequented by artists, is near by and nothing can be gayer than a dance of the Betzingen youth and maidens. The long white linen coat-tails flap and wave with the active leaps of their wearers, and the feet beneath the short full plissé skirts can tread a lively measure. It was a jolly scene and accompanied by no disorder. The Olgahöhle at Honau is much smaller, but its stalactites are less blackened by torch smoke.

The ascent of the high peak of Achalm is made from Reutlingen. About half way up is the royal sheep farm, and on top, in place of the ancient stronghold so often taken and retaken during the stormy days of Suabian history, is a huge, vaned outlook tower, from which there is a most extensive view of the beautiful region below.

**Excursions to Chapels.**—Another charming short excursion from Stuttgart is to Walderich's chapel, at Murrhardt. This valley of the Murr is of historic interest as having been the boundary

of the Roman Empire. Walderich's church is built on the site and with the stones of an old Roman fort, and the chapel is an exquisite example of the late Romanesque style of architecture. Its legendary origin dates from the days when King Louis the Pious, son and heir of Charlemagne, was betrayed by his people into the hands of his unfilial sons. He fled into Suabia and here, where the river Murr joins the Neckar, he was led, by the tinkling of a little bell, to a cave inhabited by a pious hermit, who received and sheltered him. At parting the holy man, to whom had been revealed in a dream the rank of his guest and his future re-elevation to his throne, begged only for the ground on which stood the humble hut, but the King gladly promised a church and cloister besides, and in time arose in the valley the beautiful stone chapel called after the hermit Walderich, with its cloister and charming garden. Walderich was its first abbot and with him were twelve monks of the Benedictine order.

Another easy pilgrimage is to the Regiswindis chapel at Lauffen, whose old castle and church stand picturesquely on two rocks on opposite banks of the Neckar. Regiswindis was a Count's little daughter, drowned by her nurse in revenge for an injury and found floating days afterwards on the river, with arms outstretched, so that the body took the shape of a cross. This was enough to create a saint, and a chapel was raised over the child's burial-place. On the way from Stuttgart are some Roman and medieval ruins, and just beyond Lauffen is the very interesting old town



of Heilbronn, now a busy manufacturing city. This has been immortalized by Goethe and relics of his knight, Götz von Berlichingen, of the Iron Hand; abound. Emperors and kings have here held court in what is now known as the "Deutsche Haus." Behind the fine church of St. Kilian is the Heilbrunnen (healing well) from which the town derives its name.

Maulbronn has a beautiful Cistercian Abbey, consecrated in 1187 and added to through subsequent centuries. It is one of the best preserved of the older monasteries of Germany, and has been lately restored. Near here are the ruins of Hohenasperg, first a fortress, then a state prison, where some illustrious prisoners have been confined. The Benedictine monastery at Lorch was founded by the Hohenstauffens in 1102, and contains several of their tombs and monuments.

**Famous Springs and Cures.**—There are said to be seventy-five mineral springs in Würtemberg, and at each are attractions provided for the visitor. About sixty-five hundred summer guests come annually to Wildbad, situated in the narrow ravine of the Enz in the Black Forest, and this watering-place is equipped with all the amusements and pleasure-grounds which numerous large hotels create around them.

A very different atmosphere, however, is that breathed at Bad Boll, under the charge of the pious Blumhardt family. This establishment, with its sulphur baths, was bought of the King of Würtemberg about 1850 by Pastor Blumhardt, father of the present head of the family, and is a

quiet retreat for those seeking peace of mind and religious meditation. In the time of the elder Blumhardt faith-healing, by prayer, was a feature of the place, but now the cure sought seems to be that of the mind and soul rather than of the body. Religious services are held daily and an earnest devotional spirit pervades the place, all whose inmates dwell together as members of one family. Rank is never considered; a countess sits contentedly next to a mechanic; indeed, of late the establishment has fallen into disfavor with many of its former patrons because of the growth of its socialistic tendencies. The grounds are very attractive; there are natural woods and fields overrun with flowers, and the building is most simple in its furnishings. The different Blumhardt families live there as patriarchal heads of a tribe of followers and carry on practical farming. To reach this really charming retreat of "The Simple Life" we went to Göppingen, then drove the four miles to Bad Boll.

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## CHAPTER IX

### The Suabian Alb

No visitor to Würtemberg will tarry long before exploring the high, cone-shaped hills of the Suabian Alb, whose beauties so fascinate from every point of view in the Neckar Valley. The country, though wooded and picturesque, is not wild and pleasant retreats are numerous. Not much equipment but a wanderer's staff and a

friendly disposition is needed. The wallet counts, of course, but one's wants are limited and the demands will not prove excessive. In 1889 an "Albverein" was organized by the late Dr. Saltzmann of Esslingen, which now numbers over twenty-five thousand members and is a popular enthusiasm of the Schwabs. Its aim is to cultivate the love for mountain excursions and to increase facilities for the excursionists.

From the broad platform on top of the Reehberg is obtained, perhaps, the finest view. There are the ruins of an old castle and a pilgrimage chapel, where can be obtained a lunch by day but no camp by night. Undoubtedly, however, the peak of the Hohenstauffen, so rich with historic associations, most allures. Nothing is left of the ancient castle on the summit, which was destroyed in 1525 during the Peasant War, and the small church is the only relic of the lordly House of Hohenstauffen still standing.

On its restored gable is the imperial eagle, and around it are the names of the Emperors of this famous family, whose race became so early extinct. The armorial bearings of the seven ancient Electorates of Germany, those of the former kingdoms of Jerusalem and of the other countries over which these imperious Emperors ruled—Burgundy, Holland, Denmark, Poland, Sardinia, Naples—are there emblazoned, and on one wall is an old fresco of Frederick Barbarossa with its inscriptions of the Sixteenth Century, recording that the Emperor "*amor bonorum, terror malorum*," entered by that door, now long ago

walled up. On a lower peak of the hill are the ruins of the Castle of Hohenrechberg, which was burned in 1865.

**The Siege of Hohenstauffen.**—Most different must be the view that now greets the eye from that stretch of thickly wooded country that lay beneath the gaze of those knights and squires who built and occupied these strong towers on the hill-tops; and to replace present associations by past ones the traveler must let memory recall the incidents and traditions of the royal family life in their ancestral castle which have come down to us. One of the earliest of these pictures of the past, perhaps, is that given by Belschner—a Würtemberg historian—of a happening about 1127, when King Lothair of Saxony, warring against Suabia, laid siege to this Hohenstauffen fortress, because within it were the dearest things that Duke Frederick possessed, namely, his wife and children. Fear fell upon the household as they saw the large besieging army and knew their own weak condition—a few dependants under the charge of a ninety years old castellan, Sueneger—and that no word could reach their absent lord. Food and water soon failed, and the little Frederick, with the blue eyes and blond hair, who afterwards became the famous Barbarossa, shared his portion with the rest. The Dutchess became very ill, and the only hope was in the return of Duke Frederick, for whom a sharp watch was kept from the tower.

One afternoon came the news, filling all hearts with hope, that the returning army could be seen

on its way from Gmund. Alas! the approaching banners proved, on nearer view, to be those of Henry, Duke of Bavaria, brother to Duchess Judith, but enemy of her lord, on his way to join the besiegers. The watch hastened again to the Duchess with the evil tidings. Then her heart broke with sorrow, and with a despairing cry she fell dead. Great was the grief at the death of the beloved lady, and mournful the laments of the royal children, while in the midst of all came a herald with a demand for surrender. The old castellan made reply: "Grant us a two-day truce. We have in our midst a distinguished corpse and beg for security while we bury our dead at Lorch." King Lothair granted the request and the castle gate opened for the funeral procession. Behind the chaplain was carried the coffin covered with flowers and the arms of the Stauffens and Welfs; then followed the old castellan, leading little Frederick by the hand, and, lastly, came the two little daughters. When the procession had reached the tents of King Lothair and Duke Henry, old Sueneger called to the bearer to put down the coffin, took off the cover and, turning to the King, said: "That you may see that we practice no deceit look upon the corpse."

Then fell Duke Henry's gaze on the white face of his dead sister, whose heart he had broken, and grief overcame the strong warrior. He sank down on his knees by the coffin, and his tears dropped upon the thin folded hands. He and all his knights accompanied the body to its burial, and afterwards he bade goodbye to King Lothair



and withdrew his force. The scene had made so sorrowful an impression also upon the King that the same day on which Duchess Judith's body was laid to rest in the cloisters of Lorch saw the withdrawal of all the besieging army.

**Songs of Love.**—Other pictures are more peaceful. From the burg went out the warring bands, but within its walls did the knights and ladies find time for chivalrous amusement and domestic relaxation. The young heirs learned to mount their steeds and throw their lance; the dames embroidered tokens and reared children. Here, in the long dull winter evenings, collected the household around roaring log-fires and listened to the lay of the minnesinger, or the tale of the wandering minstrel. Here, on this very hill-top, did Walter von der Vogelweide, friend and companion to Emperor Frederick, sing praises to the beauty and purity of the fair dames of the imperial household, as well as of the Nature he loved so well. Gathered in the great hall of the castle, the ladies probably on a dais, embroidering, servants below working, logs crackling, torches blazing, the warriors recounted deeds of valor and the wonders of the foreign lands they had seen in the Crusades. From time to time would the talk cease as all listened to the sweet song of the prince of minnesingers as he chanted, perhaps, the following love-song:

“Thoroughly sweet and full of loveliness are pure women. There was never anything so lovely in all the air, or on earth, or in all the green meadows. Lilies and roses, when they

shine in the May dew through the grass, and the song of little birds, are, compared with this charm, without color or sound. If one sees beautiful women, that can refresh the troubled spirit and extinguish at the same time all lamenting, when their sweet red lips entrancingly laugh in love, and arrows dart from their eyes to the bottom of man's heart."\*

To-day all this has vanished, save in memory, but there is still a power in the past that holds sway over the thoughtful visitor who reclines dreamingly on the greensward under the gaze of the imperial eagle on the church-gable.

**On the Hohenneuffen.**—For natural beauty the traveller will now turn to the Leininger Valley, one of the most beautiful in the whole Alb, from where he can ascend to the ruined ancestral castle of the Duke of Teck, also commanding a fine view. From the dales the eye is continually drawn to the picturesque hills; from the hilltops it rests, admiringly, on the beautiful valleys of the Neckar and its tributaries; their orchards and vine-planted slopes, and the many towns and villages which dot the plains.

Conspicuous from below is the Hohenneuffen, its top crowned by the imposing ruins of an ancient fortress. Legends cluster here, often contradictory, of the "white ass of Hohenneuffen," whose hoof long remained nailed on the wall of the porter's lodge. Some say that it was the means of delivery from siege, through trickery. Although in sore distress for food, the garrison

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\* Mrs. Hosmer.

had caused the ass to be well fattened and then thrown over the walls. The enemy, thinking that if an ass should be so fat the fortress' supplies must be inexhaustible, withdrew from the siege.

Prettier than this tale is the poet's story of the fair Vola, daughter of the lord of the castle, who, aware of the giving out of their water supply, slipped out at night, though with her father's consent, and on this snow white ass made her perilous descent into the camp below. The leader was her lover, and her mission was to ransom, by gift of herself, her father's castle, which was happily accomplished.

**To Hohen Urach.**—Another charming excursion is to Hohen Urach. The path through the beech woods is very attractive, and on top is the ruined fortress. Interest here centres on the true and tragic story of the poet, Frischlin. Professor at Tübingen University, a brilliant scholar and poet, he was a democratic son of the people and was accused of preaching the revolutionary doctrine that, if Suabia must have an aristocracy at all, it should be one based on merit, not birth. In those days these were treasonable thoughts, and therefore was Frischlin, in the year 1590, arrested and carried to the fortress of Hohen Urach. Separated from his true and beautiful wife, Marguerite, his one thought was to regain his freedom. Making a cord of torn clothing and blankets, he attempted to lower himself over the precipice, but was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

The waterfall of Urach is quite famous, dropping to a depth of eighty feet. The best view is from the point below, called the Olga Ruhe in commemoration of a visit of Queen Olga to the falls. A pleasant place for a sojourn here on the Alb is the quaint town of Urach, which can be made the centre of many interesting excursions.

**Castle of Hohenzollern.**—Another Mecca to the traveler is the Castle of Hohenzollern, situated on an isolated, wooded eminence near Hechingen. The old castle, the cradle of the reigning dynasty of Prussia, was destroyed in 1423, but on its ruins was built, in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, the present magnificent structure in the style of the Fourteenth, by Emperor Frederick William. The entire summit of the high rock is enclosed by high walls in the shape of a heptagon, with bastions and corner turrets. Within these is the castle, comprising five towers, a court and garden, two chapels and a barrack. A company of infantry is stationed here. The Hohenzollerns, whose name is derived from this ancestral castle Zollern, occupied an important position among the small princely Suabian families as early as the Twelfth Century. "Acquisitiveness and a capacity to hold what was once obtained and to administer it with thrift, seems to have characterized, to a greater or less degree, all the Franconian Hohenzollern princes," says a writer. In 1415 this line obtained the Brandenburg Electorate as a pledge for a loan to Emperor Sigismund; in 1701 the Elector became King of Prussia, and in 1871 it

was William of Hohenzollern who was acclaimed Emperor of Germany at Versailles. The province of Hohenzollern covers 440 square miles; is completely surrounded by Baden and Württemberg, and crossed by the Danube and the "rauhe Alb."

**Fortress of Hohentwiel.**—The historic fortress of Hohentwiel makes an imposing ruin, and the view from the top of this high, detached, volcanic cone is most extensive, commanding Lake Constance and the Tyrolese Alps, reaching even to Mt. Blanc. The stronghold was almost impregnable by situation, perched on the steep, high rock, which rises nearly perpendicularly on the side near Singen. After having resisted many sieges, it yielded without a blow, in 1800, at the demand of the French General, Van Damme, and was destroyed by Napoleon's orders in October of the same year, contrary to the terms of the capitulation. The hero of Hohentwiel was Conrad Wiederhold, who commanded the fortress for fourteen years, during the period of the Thirty Years War. A brave, devoted captain, he led the bold company of one hundred musketeers, who comprised his entire garrison, on many successful exploits, constantly making forages on the enemy and returning with various plunder—once with an organ for his new church on the hill. The sick, poor and wounded were tenderly cared for at his table, for a warm heart accompanied the fearless spirit. Under the bust on his grave at Kirchheim is the epitaph:



"The commandant at Hohentwiel,  
Firm as his rock which never yielded;  
The defence of Princes; the vexation of the enemy;  
The friend of art; the refuge of the poor;  
A citizen, hero and Christian like gold—  
So sleeps here Conrad Wiederhold."

**City of Ulm.**—Next to the capital the largest city in Würtemberg is Ulm, situated at the head of navigation on the Danube. This city has a dignified, medieval appearance, with quaint, narrow streets, and Sixteenth Century architecture. It was the most important of the Suabian free imperial cities, and is mentioned as early as 854. Ulm was the spot where the meistersingers lingered longest, "preserving without text or notes the traditional love of their craft." The pride and chief attraction of Ulm is the beautiful Early Gothic Protestant Cathedral, next to Cologne the largest in Germany, holding thirty thousand people. On the 30th June, 1377, the cornerstone of this wonderful Münster was laid, amid great enthusiasm.

**Lake Constance.**—A beautiful place of sojourn is Lake Constance, which lies between Würtemberg and Switzerland, a mirror for the Alps beyond. It is about forty-two miles in length and eight miles in breadth, and its picturesque and wooded banks and islands with the distant hills and snow-clad mountains, make it a most attractive resort. Steamboats ply constantly between the principal places, and delightful excursions can be made in all directions. The banks of the lake belong to five different states, viz., Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Switzerland and Austria.

Friedrichshafen is a quiet, pretty modern town, founded by King Frederick of Würtemberg.

**The Black Forest.**—In the southwest lies the great Black Forest, so magical in allurements to all those who love the absolute seclusion and wildness of Nature. Released from superstitious fear of the mysterious, legendary spirits with which the old folk-lore peopled these forest glades, their fabled existence adds yet a delightful glamour of mystery and romance to the Schwarzwald, so called from the dark-tinted foliage of its many evergreens. The scenery is not grand; the hills do not rise into peaks, but are rather rounded plateaus, separated from each other by the deep ravines of the streams. The trees are small, mostly evergreens, but mingled with oak and beech; it is their vast succession and the absolute seclusion that so impress and delight. The forest, which contains about 1,900 square miles, is in the shape of a triangle, its base resting on the Rhine between Lake Constance and Basle, and its apex pointing north. The descent on the Rhine side is precipitous.

Only one-third of the Black Forest belongs to Würtemberg; the most frequented portion is in Baden, around Fribourg. It is rich in mineral springs and gives rise to the Danube and the Neckar, as well as the smaller streams of the Murr, Kinsig, Elz, Enz and Wiessen. Its greatest elevation is the Feldberg, 4,892 feet. Near this is the Hölle (Hell) Pass, a narrow ravine shut in by high mountain sides, celebrated in connection with General Moreau's retreat in 1796.

The soil is poor for agriculture, but cattle-rearing is carried on successfully. The inhabitants are a simple, kindly folk, who have woven and inherited a tissue of legends which hover over the entire region and make deep impress on the life and customs of the scattered villages. The chief occupation is the manufacture of wooden articles, especially of the so-called "Dutch clocks," many of which are most ingeniously automatic. Music boxes are also made in considerable quantities.

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## CHAPTER X

### Art and Literature

"They sing of love and Springtime, of happy golden days;  
Of manly worth and freedom, of faith and holy ways.  
They sing of all things lovely that human hearts delight,  
They sing of all things lofty that human souls excite."  
—Uhland.

There has never been a Suabian "school of painting," and no great artists have arisen within her borders. Most of the early fresco-paintings on the walls of the cloisters and chapels were long ago painted over. Some of these have, however, been restored during the last two decades. Altar-pieces of the Fourteenth Century are quite numerous. The most important painter of that time was Bartholomew Zeitblom. The sculptor, Dannecker (1758-1841), has, perhaps, contributed the most glory to the native art of Würtemberg. He was the son of a groom in the service of the Duke of Würtemberg; was born at Waldenbuch and educated at the Karl-

schule, where he formed a life friendship with Schiller. Later he studied at Paris, and in Rome came under the teaching and influence of Canova. Dannecker was undoubtedly one of the greatest of modern sculptors. He was director of the Art School at Stuttgart, and with his associate, P. T. Schiffauer, (1756-1808), introduced the classic spirit into German art. His finest works are not, however, to be found in Württemberg. They are the "Ariadne," at Frankfort, and a statue of Christ, which is in one of the Moscow churches. A fine bust of Schiller by him is in the Stuttgart Art Museum.

**Architecture.**—The first example of Suabian architecture is the cloister at Hirsau, consecrated 1091. This is in the Roman style, as were all the buildings of the Tenth to the Thirteenth Centuries, of which other fine specimens can be seen at Ellwangen, Alpirsbach, Lorch, Reichenbach, Kumburg, etc. The Cistercian cloisters, especially of Maulbronn and Bebenhausen, are masterpieces of this architecture of the Middle Ages. In the Thirteenth Century the pointed arch of the Early Gothic style was introduced. One of the earliest and finest specimens of this style is the Marienkirche in Reutlingen. Begun in the Romanesque style, in 1247, it was finished nearly one hundred years later in the Early Gothic. Other specimens of this style can be seen in Leonberg, Waiblingen, Esslingen, Boblingen, Heilbrunn, Lauffen, etc.

By 1350 the true Gothic was universally established, and now arose those beautiful spires of

stone lacework, such as the Frauenkirche of Esslingen and the Ulm Münster. To this period belong some beautiful carvings and stone reliefs, as those of the Church of the Holy Cross at Gmund; the fine "bride relief" of the Rottweiler Chapel, and the side portal of the Ulm Münster. In 1500 there was a change to the Renaissance style, and in this are built the many castles and public buildings with which the Würtemberg Dukes so adorned their realm. The greatest builder was Duke Karl, who also established the Academy of Art and the Karlschule.

**Songs of Suabia.**—The beginnings of Suabian literature can be traced to the days of the Teutonic migrations, but there is little that survives of the heroic songs of that barbaric time. Suppressed by the conscientious zeal of missionary and monk, it was but a vague tradition that lingered, reappearing only later in the folk-song of the people. As the dawn of the new civilization succeeded the night of barbarism, we have but monkish writings, until, under the impressive Hohenstauffen Emperors, culture became an attribute of courts, and the lays of the minnesinger were heard in Germany.

This was the period of the isolated castle on the top of the mountain, with the small village below, and, while the burghers imitated their lords, there was a distinct difference in subject and treatment between the Popular Poetry and the Court Epic. The subjects of the former were the great national traditions, which the church had but partially succeeded in obliterating from the popu-



lar heart and mind. The latter treated mostly of foreign adventure and the chivalry of France and Italy, of Charlemagne and his paladins, of King Arthur and his knights, of the heroes of Italian troubadour and French trouvère.

Of the Popular Poetry the most important is the Epic of the *Nibelungen Lied*, which has come down from the year 1200, and parts of which were in existence one thousand years earlier. This poem, of nine to ten thousand lines, reflects the dark imagery of the North rather than that of the sunnier South, and is of wondrous force and beauty. The compiler is unknown, but he performed his work with rare skill, arranging the lays of the people, heretofore orally transmitted, into this great poem, since become the national Epic.

Longfellow says that the first stanza of the *Song of the Nibelungen*, like the overture of an opera, contains the theme of the whole piece:

"In ancient song and story marvels high are told,  
Of nights of high emprise and adventures manifold;  
Of joy and merry feasting, of lamenting, woe and fear;  
Of champions' bloody battles many marvels shall ye hear."

The *Heldenbuch* is a collection of early national traditions in poetic form, the oldest of which are said to belong to the Suabian period.

Among the court singers stands out Walter von der Vogelweide, not of Suabian birth, but intimate comrade of Emperor Frederick II., himself a minnesinger—in whose German domains his life was chiefly spent. If for nothing else than his love for Germany, he deserves a place among her poets. The minnesingers were not all

of so lofty a character. Some were affected and absurd, but all mirrored more or less the life about them. The great names among the court singers are Hartmann von Aue, Gottfried von Strassbourg, and Wolfram von Eschenbach.

**The Meistersingers.**—Following the brilliant epoch of the Hohenstauffens, there was a great change in German life, which now centred in the cities, and literature turned from the castle and hall to address itself to the burghers. The successors of the minnesingers were the meistersingers, no longer men of knightly valor, but wandering minstrels and poets of inferior rank and birth, and often of corrupt life, who made their poetry a profession. It was these who went about from place to place engaging in contests, romantic accounts of which have come down to us. Successful contestants were richly decorated, silver chains put about their neck and wreaths on their heads, and they received great popular applause. "The names of some of the favorite airs that have come down to us," says Hosmer, "are very fantastic: 'The Striped-saffron Flower-tune of Hans Findeisen,' 'The English Tin-tune of Casper Enderles,' 'The Blood-gleaming Wire-tune of Jobst Zolner,' 'The Many-colored Coat-tune of F. Fromer.'"

Longfellow says of the meistersingers that they "were for the most part mechanics, who had incorporated themselves into guilds, or singing-schools, and beautified their daily toil by the charms of song:

"As the weaver plied the shuttle wove he too the mystic  
rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's  
chime.  
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flower  
of poesy bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom."

The organization was at first known as "The Corporation of the Twelve Wise Masters." In 1820 there were still twelve meistersingers living in Ulm, and in 1839 the four survivors formally made over their insignia and guild property to a modern singing society, thus closing the record of Meister-gesang in Germany.

**Suabian Learning.**—Learning now became more general, and it was said that in 1492 the humblest knight could read and write; while a historian of that time declared that out of no other nation went forth so many clergymen, teachers and musicians as out of Suabia. The first physician mentioned by name was Nicholas von Schwerdt, of Gmund, in the year 1405, while the Court Apothecary shop founded in 1413 was long the only one in the Dukedom. Printing presses were found in the larger cities after 1468. The first public library in Germany was that of the Ulm Münster (1433).

During succeeding centuries there is no especial name that adds lustre to Suabian literature. Johann Kepler, the famous astronomer, was born at Wül in 1571. On account of his unorthodox beliefs he was persecuted, although all Europe was filled with the fame of his discoveries. His mother was accused of being a witch, but finally was

freed, while Kepler's life was one continuous struggle for the bare means of subsistence.

Christian Daniel Schubart (1739-1791), poet, story-teller and musician, was a man of great talent, but dangerous frankness of speech. In publishing the *Deutsche Chronik*, he offended Duke Karl, who kept him imprisoned in the fortress of Hohenasperg for ten years, after which he was court poet and theatre director in Stuttgart. He had great poetic gifts, but their expression was sadly hindered by his dissipated life.

The poet and humanist, Christian Martin Wieland, was born in Oberholzheim in 1733. He studied law at Tübingen, was called in 1769 to Erfurt as Professor of Philosophy, and in 1772 went to live in Weimar as instructor of the young Crown Prince, Karl August. At the age of twenty-four his fame was established by the appearance of his play, *Muscarion*. He was not a creative genius, but gained the ease and charm of his style through hard labor. Of his *Oberon* Goethe said: "As long as poetry remains poetry, gold gold, and crystal crystal, it will be loved and admired as a masterpiece of poetic art." His romance, called *The Abderites*, is exceedingly humorous and absurd. It is an account of a great law suit in Abdera, brought by a donkey driver against a dentist, who sat down and rested one hot day in the shadow of the donkey and yet refused later to pay the driver's bill for that privilege. In the end the entire population of the city was divided into parties called "asses" and "shadows," between whom the feud was bitter and amusing,

the whole being a satire on the evils of litigation. Shakespeare was made familiar to German readers through Wieland's translations. His popularity was immense. He was decorated by Napoleon, knighted by Alexander of Russia, and was a close friend of Goethe and Schiller.

**Johann Christoph Schiller.**—This last name is the greatest in Suabia's annals. Johann Christoph Schiller was born in 1759, at Marbach. His early life was restricted and repressed. Destined by his parents for the ministry, he was offered by the Duke of Würtemberg a place in the Karlschule which they did not dare refuse, although the personal restraint and pedagogical narrowness of this institution were exceedingly irksome and vexatious. He then studied medicine, but soon after graduation gave voice to the restlessness in his own heart and that of the times by the publication of *The Robbers*, which, while extravagant, yet expressed with great truth and force the reactionary sentiments which were a product of the repressive social order of that era. This was received with great enthusiasm in Germany and translated into many languages, but offended the Duke of Würtemberg, who arrested the author for a fortnight and forbade him "henceforth and forever to compose comedies or anything of that sort." Mindful of the fate of Schubart, the youthful author slipped out of the gates of Stuttgart, and fled to Mannheim, and his after life was passed at Jena, where he held a philosophical professorship, and at Weimar, at



the hospitable court of the enlightened Duke Karl August, who honored him with a title.

Schiller's most important dramas are *The Robbers*, *Wallenstein*, *Maria Stuart*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *The Bride of Messina*, and *William Tell*. His principal historical works are *The Revolt of the Netherlands* and *The Thirty Years War*; and in poetry *The Walk* and *The Song of the Bell*. He was possessed of a most beautiful creative fancy and wrote with great truth and moral earnestness. His characters do not so much stand out as individual beings as they are expressions of ideas—political, civil, moral—so that through them we can see the soul of the author. Poetry was his chosen medium of expression; through it he could best express his strong sentiments on the subjects of the dignity of humanity and personal freedom, and it is in his lyrics and ballads that his inner self is most completely revealed. Franke quotes a verse from his poem of *The Artists*:

"Borne on your daring pinions soar sublime,  
Above the shoal and eddy of the time,  
Far glimmering on your wizard mirror see,  
The silent shadow of the age to be;"

and says that in it "we have an epitome of all the best and highest which Schiller's life, so prematurely and abruptly to be ended, has given to the world."

He died at the age of forty-five, May 9, 1805, and his memory is revered greatly by the German people. On the ninetieth birthday of the poet a Suabian Schiller Society was formed for the purpose of creating a Schiller Museum in Marbach

and otherwise honoring his memory. Würtemberg celebrated the centenary of his birth by a national festival, and on May 9, 1905, the one hundredth anniversary of his death was observed by all the German Societies at home and abroad.

**The Poet Uhland.**—Johann Ludwig Uhland was one of the sweetest of Germany's lyric poets. In popularity he ranks next to Schiller. Uhland was born in Tübingen in 1787, and studied law at the University there. His verse—

"I toiled at law with effort strong  
Against the promptings of my heart,  
And from the clasp of charming song  
Had torn myself but half apart"—

shows "his inward struggle between the study of the law which he loved so little and the charm of poetry which he loved so much." He, however, pursued his study, being convinced that every man, poet or not, should have a serious occupation in life. He took an active part, also, in public affairs, which led to a remonstrance from Goethe that there were plenty of men in Suabia capable of serving the state, but there was only one such poet as Uhland.

He was eminently a ballad writer, treating simple subjects with sympathy, cheerfulness and a tender love of Nature, and renewing the charm and simple grace of The Volklied in Germany literature. In his drama *Ernst von Schwaben*, he recalls the spirit and times of the earlier minstrels he so much loved. Uhland wrote 350 poems, fully half of them masterpieces. From 1814 to the present time not a year has passed in Germany without a new edition of his poems. His

life was spent quietly in his home in Tübingen. One of his countrymen said of him that he was "a genuine nightingale, to be heard, not seen." Uhland was a devoted lover of his Fatherland, and in public life stood out bravely for popular rights, civil equality and intellectual freedom. Among his numerous followers are some gifted poets, who constitute what has been called the Suabian school of poetry. He died in 1862.

**The Novelist Hauff.**—Very popular among his countrymen is the novelist, William Hauff, born in Stuttgart in 1802. The period of his literary work was composed within the short space of two years, and his early death at the age of twenty-five (1827) was a serious loss to Suabian literature. In 1826 his first volume, *The Marchen Almanack*—a collection of fairy tales, which he used to relate to pupils during his tutorship—was published. They were original and written with a delicious humor and an elegance of style not customary in such productions. Their success was immediate, and his fame as a narrator was thereafter established. His novel *Lichtenstein*, inspired by the historical tales of Sir Walter Scott, illustrates the most interesting period of Würtemberg's history. It is the first distinctly historical romance in Suabian literature, although the alleged facts are purely imaginative.

**Kerner and von Scheffel.**—Justinus Kerner, born in 1786 in Ludwigsburg, was the author of many extremely popular poems. In prose his humorous and sympathetic *Picture Book out of my Childhood* is the best.

Another favorite Suabian writer was Joseph Victor von Scheffel (1826-1886), a native of Karlsruhe. Scheffel was another example of the difficulty of at once recognizing his right vocation. He studied law and practised six years at Sakkingen; then went to Rome to fulfil a cherished desire to become a painter, only to find that he had mistaken his genius. He retired to Capri, overcome with despondency, and it was there that, seeking to overcome his disappointment, he composed that romantic, humorously melancholy poem, *Der Trompeter von Sakkingen*, which was to establish his fame. Returning to Germany he began his romance, *Ekkehard*. These two works had a success unequalled before in the history of German literature. *Der Trompeter* has been called the most popular German epic of the century, *Ekkehard* is a blending of history and poetry, a vivid and picturesque picture of the life of the Tenth Century in Suabia. In 1895 *Der Trompeter* had reached its 216th edition, and *Ekkehard* its 143rd. In high spirits over his success he wrote the rollicking student songs of the collection *Gaudeamus*, appropriated by the youth of the universities. His fiftieth birthday was celebrated all over Germany, and the Grand Duke of Baden conferred on him a title of hereditary nobility. The later years of his life were saddened by melancholy.

**Schwab, Schelling and Hegel.**—Gustav Schwab (1791-1850) was a poet and prose writer, who endeared himself to his compatriots by his *Wanderings through Suabia*, collections of

German volksbooks and tales of ancient times. Among the more modern popular poets and writers of Würtemberg are Karl Gerok, Edward Morike, Albert Knapp, F. T. Vischer, J. G. Fisher and Ottilie Wildermuth.

In philosophy Würtemberg is well represented by Frederick William Joseph von Schelling (1775-1854) and George William Frederick Hegel (1770-1831). The former was born at Leonberg and studied at Tübingen. In 1798 he was called to be professor at Jena, then to Würzburg, later to Munich and finally to Berlin. At first a disciple of Kant and Fichte, he adopted, successively, the standpoints of Bruno, Spinoza, Baader and Boehme. Schelling's writings possess a power of arousing original thought. Some one says that "they reveal the morning red of truth and the student becomes a mystic and beholds the truth for himself."

Hegel was born in Stuttgart. While at the University of Tübingen his intellect was aroused by contact with Schilling, whose friend and disciple he avowed himself for some years to come. Hegel's system of philosophy has been called that of the Absolute Idea. To think and to be was the same. "He conceived," says Franke, "the human mind to be the highest form of the Divine spirit accessible to our understanding, and that man's consciousness of God was self-consciousness." He believed that the highest freedom was the service of the state, and rose to great political influence through his public services.

Johann Christian Frederick Holderlin (1770-



1843) was born at Lauffen and educated at Tübingen with Hegel and Schelling. He possessed rare poetic gifts, but with eccentric tendencies. His romance *Hyperion* is epistolary in form and classic in style. Some of his lyrics are very beautiful. In 1803 his mind failed.

**Conclusion.**—Lord Bacon has said that “he that traveleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language goeth to school and not to travel.” A scanty English is spoken throughout Germany, while there is always the lesser obstacle of the different dialects to overcome. For fullest enjoyment, however, the traveler in Würtemberg should not only speak the language, but be familiar with the popular native literature. This is a great help in establishing comradeship with the many enthusiasts one meets on the Suabian hills, from whose hearts and tongues come so readily the tales and ballads of their beloved poets. Happy is he who has made previous acquaintance with *Lichtenstein* and the *Märchen*, with *Ekkehard* and *Der Trompeter vor Sakkingen*, and the songs of *Gandeamus*. Many of the ballads have “a local habitation and a name,” and a volume of Uhland’s poems is a handy addition to the traveler’s knapsack. Thus is one best fitted to thoroughly enjoy the simplicity and happy spirit of this romantic, cheerful and beautiful Suabian land.

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NOTE.—The translations of Uhland's verses on pages 4 and 32 were made for this volume by Mrs. Adolph Spaeth.



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